

The Legend of Scale

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Summary: Hiccup has been looked at as useless for years, but, what happens when he decides enough is enough? Hiccup gave himself a new identity known as Scale. When Scale becomes king of the dragons, the whole archipelago finds themselves on the brink of war. Is Hiccup dead? Will Scale be ruler of the whole archipelago? some HICCUP X ASTRID. [Final Chapter up]

1. Chapter 1

**Welcome to 'The Legend of Scale'. I hope you enjoy this story.
Read on.**

* * *

<p>Chapter**_** _1_**

Worthless! Loser! Sorry excuse for a viking! You can't do anything right! Even your father hates you! Hiccup has been told these things and so many more. He can't take It! Done! He's done.

It was a normal day on berk, the dragons had just raided the day before so all the villagers were helping on clean up duty. The big burly humans were gathering farm animals, rebuilding houses, and helping those who were injured by those horrid devils.

The sun was at it's peak, shining down on the rock called Berk. It was a nice village, although, it's residents couldn't be called that. Sure, they were nice to each other, as long as you looked, acted and even smelled like a viking you would go far. To bad little Hiccup was nothing like that. He was looked at as the village screw up, the village idiot even though he had more brains then all of berk combined.

Everyone looked down on him. No one gave him the time of day, except

for the village blacksmith. Gobber the Belch was the blacksmith for Berk, and Hiccup only friend. He was big, smelly, stupid and only had half of his limbs still in tact, but he loved Hiccup like a son, and Hiccup saw him as a father figure. When Hiccup leaves, it will surely strike a cord deep within the man.

Yes, Hiccup was planning on leaving, he just didn't know how or when. Sorrow, pain, fear. This is what Hiccup felt, this is how the people he looked up to made him feel. Why does he want to be like them? Because that is who his father is. Ever since he was young, he tried to show his father - no - his idol, that he could be something to be proud of. For years, Hiccup dreamed of hearing his father say, 'That's my boy!' He would have to keep waiting.

Dragons raids have been coming more frequent, perfect for Hiccup to down a dragon. It was on one of these days that the people of Berk are trained for. A dragon raid had begun in the early morning, battle cries, giant flying lizards, fire raining from the darkened sky, this is what Berk has to deal with... this is why Hiccup is labeled useless. To be excepted in this community you have to be able to hold your own against the beasts. Hiccup was a 14 year old boy built out of twigs. He had no muscle, no fighting skills, no friends. The only thing he had was his brains, and he planned to use them.

Hiccup was a nerd in some ways, often locking himself away in his own little workshop in the forge for hours. There, he built amazing things, things to help him on the battlefield, things to make people see he was worth something. Failure! That is the thought that goes through his mind every time one of his inventions fail. These amazing creations are suppose to bring him honor, their suppose to show everyone that he could do good, that he could be seen as an equal, not some kind of annoying brother that you wished was never born. But, he didn't give up, didn't stop trying. Every time he was called useless or pathetic, he shrugged it off and told himself, 'Next time, I'll show them.'

It happened on one faithful night, during a dragon raid, Hiccup used his newest creation, the Bola Cannon. Running through the village while vikings yelled at him, telling him to get back inside. He didn't listen, this was his time for Thor's sake!

Sprinting. Running as fast as his legs could carry him with his Bola Cannon rolling on it's wheels. He needed to get to a place where he would have a clear view of the sky, he needed to get out of the village. He slammed his creation down onto the ground once he reached his destination. It came alive! Things sprang up here and there and before you knew it, there was a completely different contraption. It looked like a wooden cannon mixed with a crossbow, it sat on it's own stand and had an iron site on the top for aiming.

He waited. And waited... And waited. All the while mumbling to himself, 'Come on, give me something to shoot at.' He waited, staring up at the clear, star filled sky. High up he could see a black figure, only noticeable when it blocked out some of the star light. This is what Hiccup was waiting for, something to shoot at. If he could down this dragon, oh, it could fix everything! He could have a real life!

Hiccup strained his eyes on the dark mass, it was difficult to see. He was filled with anticipation, his eyes were narrow and his hands

clutch his creation, ready to pull the trigger. He heard a screech, a legendary screech that came from a beast known only as a Night Fury. Hiccup grew excited, but he waited until just the right moment to strike.

The mighty dragon began it's descent at alarming speed, all the while creating it's signature high pitched whistle. It came close to a viking watch tower near Hiccup. With one, powerful, plasma blast, the dragon destroyed the tower with an amazing ball of fire. The beast flew in-front of the fiery inferno, lighting up it's body completely for the boy to get a good look at it. Hiccup was quick, he aimed his canon at the dragon and fired! The recoil of the machine was to much for the lad and it sent him backwards.

Hiccup landed on his back, but quickly got up on his elbows to see if he hit it. Yes. Hiccup did it! The Night Fury had been tied up in the bola perfectly and was seen -and herd by Hiccup- falling off into the woods near raven point. Hiccup got up fully, for once in his life he didn't botch it up! He flung his hands up in victory, his face were dimly lit, but you could see the happiness in his face, his smile showed it and his eyes showed it.

"Oh I... I hit it! I hit it!" Hiccup yelled in victory, pupping his fists up in the air. "Did anyone see that?" He turned around to see if anyone had seen his marvelous accomplishment, someone did, but it wasn't a viking. A loud crash sounded behind Hiccup, when he turned around he saw that a Monstrous Nightmare had crushed his beloved creation. "Except for you," the teen said sarcastically, dropping his hands in defeat.

The Nightmare was a feared dragon, hence it's name. It was one of the largest breeds of dragons Berk had to fight. This one in-particular was red with thick, black, lines on it's body. The Nightmare's walk on it's hind legs, but uses it claws on its large wings to walk like a dog on all fours.

Hiccup took off sprinting, the dragon close behind. This wasn't suppose to happen, he had just downed a Night Fury and now he wasn't going to get to live to see his new and improved life. Hiccup gave a very un-viking like scream while sprinting down a small slope. The terror filled scream alerted his pissed father, Stoick, that he was in danger once again.

Stoick, chief of the tribe, was everything a viking should be. He was big, tough, and had barrels for biceps. He also sported a small viking helmet with horns coming out of the sides, one for each. That and his large red beard, which was braided in several spots, made a very intimidating looking viking. The man saw his son running down a hill, the Nightmare crawling close behind him.

"Do not let them escape!" he ordered his men, who had a group of Nadders trapped in a large net. Stoick took off in a mad dash towards his son, hoping that he wouldn't be to late.

Hiccup took cover behind a wooden beam that was supporting a large torch that lit up the night, so that the dragons could be visible whilst their flying. Hiccup was very thin, so he was able to get his whole body behind the beam. Putting his head in his hands, he waited for the beast to take him. The Nightmare shot a blast of fire at the wooden beam, leaving an impressive scorch mark, but Hiccup was still

alive. The dragon started to close in on his helpless pray. Hiccup was trembling, his stomach churned with fear, but, Stoick the Vast had made it to him in time. He jumped in-between his son's hiding place and the surprised dragon.

The Nightmare tried to blast Stoick with fire, but he had reached his shot limit. The beast looked at Stoick with a worried expression, he knew what was coming. Stoick knew what was as well, and gave a devilish smirk. He was in a fighting stance, ready to take on the dragon if he tried anything funny.

"Your all out," Stoick said more to himself then anyone else. He charge the dragon, which was ready to fight. Stoick gave the beast a kick under the jaw, which caused the dragons head to raise. The dragon grunted. Stoick came down on the dragon again with a strong punch to the face. The dragon retreated backwards, it had enough and flew away to join the other retreating dragons, who had gotten an impressive amount of livestock from Berk. This raid went to the dragons.

Stoick watch the dragon fly away, proud of himself for teaching it a lesson. He heard a loud crack sound behind him. The wooden beam Hiccup had been hiding behind had a chunk missing, thanks to the Nightmare. That caused the whole thing to come crashing down, sending the torch rolling through the village. Shouts of alarmed vikings could be heard as they tried to get out of the way. Hiccup was revealed to his father once his hiding place was gone.

Stoick looked at his son with anger and disappointment, why couldn't he be like everyone else in the village? Hiccup was as stiff as a log, he knew he was in trouble. He looked up to his father, who had a very disappointed scowl on his face and quickly searched for an excuse.

"O.K, but I hit a Night Fury," Hiccup said rather quickly, breaking eye contact. Stoick only sighed, and proceeded to yell at him.

No one believed him, the whole village just watched as Stoick yelled at his boy. Eventually, he told Gobber to take Hiccup home.

This was just the beginning, Hiccup snapped after he was put in his house. No one had faith in him, no one believed he could do anything right. Well, that was about to change, soon, Hiccup would be no more... and Scale would be born.

1 MONTH AFTER NIGHT FURY DOWNING

Hiccup had managed to find the beast he had shot down with his bola canon. It was tied up from head to tail, unable to move. At first, Hiccup thought that it was already dead, but when it wasn't, Hiccup raised his knife to take it's life himself. He found that he couldn't, he wasn't man enough and he wasn't viking enough. The dragon looked at him, and Hiccup saw pain, angst... loneliness. He looked at the beast, and he saw himself. So, Hiccup did what no had ever done before, he cut the monster go.

Hiccup had been studying the dragon that had trapped it self in a cove. When the Night Fury was shot down, it lost half of it's tail fin, disabling his ability to fly. For days he studied it, but he never told anyone about his captive dragon. Finally, Hiccup built up

enough courage to enter the cove, equipped with a shield and a fish. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the III managed to befriend the Night Fury, which he named Toothless.

2 MONTHS AFTER TOOTHLESS DOWNING

Hiccup and Toothless formed a bond unlike any other, they were best friends, they were each others only friends. Hiccup worked nonstop to make a new tail fin for Toothless so he could fly again. He worked tirelessly for weeks perfecting it, and after many trials and errors, he was finally able to create the perfect tail fin for Toothless. The only problem was, Hiccup needed to control it with his foot, but Toothless didn't mind. In fact, Toothless trusted Hiccup with his life, and so he trusted him with something as important to him as flying. Hiccup and Toothless had perfected flight together and all seemed well, but Hiccup's time was running out, soon Toothless would be found by the village.

3 MONTHS AFTER TOOTHLESS DOWNING

Hiccup entered the cove, he had just been chosen to kill the Monstrous Nightmare in the ring, he couldn't do that. His plan was to leave, maybe come back in a few years when things have calmed down. But, a curious Astrid Hofferson followed him there. She wanted to know how Hiccup the useless bested her in dragon training. She wasn't expecting what she saw.

Toothless grew very protective of Hiccup when Hiccup was around anyone (or thing). Astrid tried to take Toothless's head with her ax, but Hiccup stopped her by tackling her to the ground and throwing her ax on the ground. He did his best to calm both girl and dragon.

"Astrid, Toothless," he said introducing her, "Toothless, Astrid." Toothless gave a snarl.

"Hic- Hiccup, what are you doing with a DRAGON!?" She all but screamed at Hiccup, visibly shaken. She was scared, and that was rare for Astrid. "That thing is a monster, get away from it!" That earned a growl from Toothless and a sigh from Hiccup.

"He's not a monster he's my best friend!" Hiccup shot back. Astrid looked dumbfounded, how could you be friends with a dragon? She was going to say something, but Hiccup continued. Astrid never saw him like this, he looked angry, very angry. She never saw Hiccup lose his cool, she only saw sadness and hurt. But, this Hiccup was going to give her a piece of his mind she was going to have to listen.

"Toothless is not a MONSTER," he began, yelling it. "He is the only one who loves me for me, not for some dragon killer. He treats me with respect, like a brother. He doesn't go out of his way to make me feel bad like people on Berk do. No one treated me with any respect. Even you Astrid, the girl I looked up to and had a crush on for Thor knows how long!" His voice took on a softer, sadder tone, "My own father doesn't like me for me, and my love won't give me the time of day." Astrid still lay on her back, propped up on her elbows. She never knew how Hiccup felt about her, and it hurt her dearly to know that they, she, had made him feel like this. She just lay there, a pained expression on her face.

"Hiccup," she choked out, sorrow and regret was evident in her voice.

"I'm leaving Astrid, you guys won't need to deal with Hiccup the Useless anymore."

"What! Hiccup you..."

"And another thing, when I trained Toothless, I gave my self a reason to live. I have the chance to be useful. But, it's clear that a hiccup can never be useful, so, I think I'll go by a knew name," he looked at Toothless, he hadn't thought about a new name for himself. But, when he looked at Toothless, he thought of a rather nice one.

"Scale. That's my new name, Dragon Scale." Astrid looked dumbfounded as Hiccup climbed on top of Toothless.

"I love you Astrid, you might as well know," he checked his flight gear and then turned back to Astrid, who was still dazed on the dirt floor. "I'll miss you dearly." That was it, those were the last words he spoke before Toothless shot up into the evening sky, quickly disappearing from view.

* * *

><p>Did you guys enjoy it? If you did, please leave a review. Also, if you are following my other story, Fantastic, I'll still be updating it and haven't abandoned it. I wanted to make a story with chapters that were longer, not just a 1,000 words then done, but closer to 3,000. This chapter itself is about 2,733 words. Till next time, peace out._

2. Chapter 2

**Chapter 2**

Pain, desperation, sorrow. Hiccup lie on the ground, in a pool of his own blood. This is how he would go down? The moment he leaves Berk, the moment he leaves the people who save him on a daily bases, he dies? Dragon island. That's where he lies. No wonder Toothless didn't want to come hear, and Hiccup thought it would be the perfect place to hide from Stoick... to hide from all of his pain. He did it, however, the dragons were free, the Red Death was killed.

Hiccup was drifting in and out of reality, everything seemed blurry. Scales was supposed to make him a man to remember, but now, he wished he was still on Berk. Toothless? Where was he. Oh Thor, if he died... Hiccup didn't want to think about it. He couldn't think. He tried, Thor knows he did, but sleep overtook Hiccup. His eye lids became to heavy and he fell into a black hole, filled with sadness, horror, pain, and regret.

* * *

><p>{With Astrid Hofferson}<p>

It was an early morning on Berk and some people were still out

looking for Hiccup. Astrid didn't tell them more than what she thought was necessary. The only thing that left her lips were, 'Hiccup's missing,' that was all she thought was important. She figured that she'll respect Hic -no, wait- Scale's secret, honestly, it was the least she could do for the boy. After all, it was her and Berk that drove him away, might as well do one thing to honor the poor lad.

She hated herself. She prided herself for being the strongest among her piers, but when you get down to it, she was weak. She wasn't strong enough to stand by Hiccup when he needed her most, and now, Hiccup was dead and Scale was born. She could tell something snapped with in him, it was easy to tell. The way his emotions showed on his face, it wasn't the kind, loving Hiccup, but the raw and sheer anger of Scale. She just hoped he was O.K.

Astrid wasn't herself that day, and probably wouldn't be for a long while. She walked through the village, no ax, and no shoulder pads. Just her spiked skirt and a blue shirt with darker blue bands running horizontal across her T, that was it, she didn't even sport her headband. She also didn't walk with her head held high, but kept it pointed at the ground. She lost her confidence, when Hiccup left, he took something from her and she didn't know what it was.

Walking through the village she saw other vikings, ones that weren't searching for Hiccup. They didn't even seem the least bit upset. Where was she living where a clan doesn't care when one of their own goes missing? She felt small, really small. Her and Hiccup were of the same body type, skinny. Only she knew how to fight. She taught herself everything she knew. She stopped at the bottom of the steps that lead up to the Great Hall, she never noticed how high up it was, it just made her feel smaller... weaker. Is this how Hiccup felt? Oh, why did she be such a jerk to him, he looked up to her, heck, he liked her and she pretended that he didn't even exist. She was disgusted with herself, what kind of person does that to someone? Guess she wasn't the only one, everyone in the village had had bad feeling towards Hiccup. Well, looks like they wont need to worry about him anymore, Scale, on the other hand, they might want to look out for him.

She entered the Great Hall, even the doors seemed bigger. She hated feeling so small. Other vikings were seated and were talking about current events, from what she could tell, none were about Hiccup. Astrid saw her friends at a table eating breakfast. She was kind of worried to go over there, everyone knew that she was the last one to see Hiccup, who knew what kind of questions she would be pestered to answer?

She was nervous, visibly nervous, almost as if she was hiding a huge secret -which she was-. Astrid decided it would be better to have breakfast back at her house, but, when she turned to leave, Fishlegs saw her. Being a kind, gentle giant that he is, he invited her over to sit with them. She had no choice but to except. Giving a nod of approval toward her friend, she sauntered over.

She sat down, in-between Fishlegs and Ruffnut. Snotlout and Tuffnut sat opposite from them. They immediately noticed the lack of armor. Ruff even noticed her difference in character, but would keep that to herself for now.

"Hey, babe, what's up with the get up?" Snotlout asked. Astrid glared daggers at him for questioning her look and calling her babe, not that she wasn't, she just didn't like it when Snotlout hit on her. Her bangs covered her left eye as it always does, it became a natural instinct to put back into place behind her ear. She did, then answered Snotlout's question.

"Just didn't feel like putting all that extra weight on, makes me feel a bit sluggish," she answered like it was no big deal. Snotlout didn't press it, seemed like a boring thing to argue on anyway. The teens started to eat what they got for breakfast, which was just some kind of porridge. Astrid hadn't gotten anything, so she just snatched an apple from Tuff's plate, he gave a grunt of disagreement, but everyone knew he hardly ate anything healthy.

"So, Astrid, anything else you want to tell us about Hiccup?" Ruffnut asked. She knew her only female companion was hiding something and was determined to exploit it. Astrid grew uneasy, she wasn't normally like this, but for some reason, Hiccup struck a cord deep inside her that she did her best to keep buried. She used her left hand and rubbed her right arm, not wanting to get into this discussion. She noticed that they were still waiting for an answer, so she gave them one.

"Not much to tell," she lied, "last I saw him he was taking a rowboat out to sea. I was too late to stop him." She hoped that would suffice, but no, she made a terrible mistake. Hopefully they were too stupid to catch on.

"That's not what you told Stoick," Fishlegs said. Damn it, she just dug herself into a huge hole. A few sweat globes ran down her forehead, she needed to get out of there.

"Listen, guys, I would love to play twenty questions with you, but I need some fresh air," she quickly got up out of her seat. This was meant with disagreements from the other teens. When they tried to get up to follow her she snapped around and yelled, "listen! I just need some time by myself and to think." She turned back around and stormed out of the Great Hall. That was too close for comfort, she almost blew Hiccup's secret, and on the first day of his being gone no less.

She went back to the cove to rest and think. When she got there, she stopped to look around. This is where it happened, this is where Scale was born, this is where she lost a piece of her. What was it about that boy that could get the mighty Astrid Hofferson like this? She sat and thought, thinking about anything, but mostly Hiccup. She knew that something snapped in him, something bad. She feared that all of those hurt emotions would come back to bite the village in the butt. Not to mention, if he could train a Night Fury, then he could train any dragon he wanted, he could attack Berk with an army of dragons if he wanted.

Sitting in the cove, thinking about what had happened yesterday, she noticed a black scale on the ground. Must have come from the dragon Hiccup rode off on. Then she noticed more, and even a few footprints, even the tell tale signs of a camp site. If Stoick found this place, he might put together Hiccup's secret. She decided that that secret would die with her, the one thing she could do for Hiccup.

><p>{With Stoick}<p>

Stoick, along with his brother, Spitelout, and his longtime friend, Gobber, marched through the woods of Berk. Swatting at low hanging branches to get them out of their way. Stoick was in-front, then Spitelout and Gobber brought up the rear.

They had been looking for Hiccup for ages. Stoick did his best to keep on a brave face, but he couldn't stop thinking the worst. His stomach twisted and churned with fear and anger for not being there. Gobber had tried to tell him that there was nothing he could have done, but Stoick was stubborn. Sure, Hiccup could handle himself in dragon training, but he was still the same, clumsy Hiccup.

Berk's forest wasn't too thick, but they were deeper than they ever were and the trees, bushes and even some vines were starting to limit their view. Stoick couldn't stop, wouldn't stop. Not until Hiccup was safe back at home, once he was, Stoick was never going to let him leave. Hiccup all but gave him a heart-attack.

Complaining was starting to grow among Stoick's companions. They had been searching all through the night, checked all the caves on raven point and were now double checking the forest. The group used to be 10 full grown men and women, but they had thinned down to just three.

"Just a little bit farther men. Hiccup has to be here somewhere," Stoick said, reassuring the men that they were almost done in their search. The company groaned, they knew Stoick was set on finding that boy. Even when Gobber and Spitelout went home, Stoick would still be searching.

They came across a cove. It was a pretty place, had a lake that was fed by a small waterfall that came out of the rock, which made up the walls of the cove. But, it wasn't the cove that caught everyone's attention, it was the girl in the cove. She hadn't noticed them and continued what she was doing. This confused Stoick the most, it looked like she was throwing stuff into the lake. The search group was close to the ground to make sure the girl, realized to be Astrid, didn't see them. They squinted their eyes, trying to see what she was tossing into the lake.

First, it was just some burnt wood, but then, she found a charcoal pen. She didn't throw that into the water, but slid it into the waist band of her skirt. Safe keeping's, Stoick guessed. Wait! Astrid Hofferson is the toughest girl in Berk, and he meant that. She would much rather be in the woods, throwing axes at trees, making them wish they had never sprouted out of the ground. And, it looked like she was getting rid of a campsite. It took a bit for Stoick to put two and two together, after all, he was a viking, not a genius. Astrid was getting rid of evidence that involved Hiccup, which meant she knew what happened to him and was scared to tell. Astrid was very mature and believed in the viking way full hardy, it must have taken something really bad for her not to tell. Still, that was no excuse, Astrid knew what happened to his son, and if she knew what was good for her, she'll tell.

Stoick, Gobber and Spitelout stealthily made their way down the rock wall, unbeknownst to Astrid. She stopped, looked at her work, and

sighed. Stoick guessed that she thought she had done a pretty good job at covering Hiccup's tracks. The three men stood behind her, glaring daggers at her back. Astrid could feel it, when she turned around she was met with three, huge, pissed vikings. Astrid gave a small, nervous chuckle.

"Chief," she said, like she was meeting him on the streets. She was in big trouble.

* * *

><p>{With Scale}<p>

Scale lie on his back, a thick red substance pooling around him. Everything hurt, he was lonely, he thought he was going to die. Toothless found him like this. His green eyes were the size of dish plate, crooning softly for his friend. Hiccup, with a shaky hand, grabbed Toothless' lower jaw, not to keep him from leaving, but to know he was there. He looked at his scaly friend, but not with bright, green eyes that saw the world and all the possibilities it held. Instead, they were cold and lifeless.

"Tooth-Toothless?" The dragon crooned in reply. Blood was starting to form in his mouth, some ran down his chin dirty, ash covered chin.

The dragons that had fled were realizing that it was safe and started to come back, first by the tens, then by hundreds, and then by the thousands. Nightmares, Zipplebacks, Gronckles, Nadders, Changewings, and Whispering Deaths, they all wanted to see who freed them from the queen's slavery. They gathered around the Night Fury, surprised to see a young boy, who looked to be on the brink of death.

"_Who's that?_" A Nadder asked Toothless. Toothless never took his eyes off his master. Fear of his friend slipping away, if he did, Toothless would be their for him every step of the horrifying way.

"_He's the one who saved us, saved all of us, from the queen,_" Toothless replied, proud to be the one he chose to ride into battle, even if it wasn't suppose to happen. The dragons were very confused, how could this puny hatch-ling kill a monster that big? It was unbelievable, this must be a gift sent from the gods. The dragons were now loyal to Hiccup and would stay by his side no matter what.

Hiccup was coughing, more blood come from his mouth. He was about to fall into unconsciousness again, he couldn't, he needed to get himself help. His left leg was gone, severed up to the shin, that's where most of the blood was coming from. He also earned a nasty slash on his right side which also contributed to some the blood loss. _Think Scale think!_ Scale slowly, painfully, turned his head away from Toothless's. It was then he noticed all the dragons that had gathered. He had an idea.

"Toothless," he chocked, spitting out some blood, making it run down his chin. "Toothless, this is not how Scale is going to go down. I need you to get me some help, K bud? Ask a dragon or two to head back to berk, tell them to find two people. The first one, Gothi, a very small old women; grey hair and she walks with a stick bigger then

her, got it?" Toothless warbled something in dragon, Hiccup continued. "The second person(cough) is Gobber; he's missing two limbs, has a long, blond, mustach. He's the village blacksmith, the one who was actually kind to me on berk. Don't hurt either of them, I need them to heal me. I want both of them hear, on _our_ island, O.K?" Toothless understood, and warble something else to the dragons that were gathered all around them. Scale didn't know what was happening, all the dragon around him erupted in roars and a few were jumping up and down. He didn't know it yet, but he was just crowned king of the dragons.

Hiccup was freezing, his skin was a ghostly pale. His hand still clutched Toothless's gummy lower jaw. He heard some dragons take off, he guessed that those were going to Berk. He looked at his dragon companion, the one who staid with him when the going got tough. He knew he had a _real_ friend. He knew then and there that Toothless was going to stay by his side no matter where, or what kind of trouble he got into.

"Toothless," It hurt to talk, but Scales was tough, he could do what he wanted, "I'm not going to die, I won't let myself slip away," he tried to comfort his friend, but Toothless knew that Hiccup(he liked Hiccup much more then Scale already) had no control over this. Toothless knew only one thing, he was going to stay by Hiccup's side, until he dies, once that happens(Toothless prayed to whatever god he thought the vikings would worship, to save his friends life) Toothless wasn't going to leave Hiccup's deathbed, until the cruel world took himself as well.

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><p>OOOO, whats going to happen to Hiccup. And Scale, he starting to show that he's a tough guy. What did you guys think of this chapter? Please review, it makes me happy.</p>

3. Chapter 3

**O.K, you guys are awesome, at the time of writing this(I don't always post the next chapter right away after writing it) I have 17 reviews! I know that that doesn't sound like much, compared to some other stories out their. But, it isn't the worst, not by a long-shot. Some stories have 10 chapters but only have, like, 2 reviews, this story only has 2 chapters, plus this one. You guys make me feel great! You make me want to keep writing. This story is taking over my first one, 'Fantastic,' because I love reading your reviews! This authors note is long and I'm sorry, just had to get that off my chest, enjoy chapter 3.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 3

Drorg and Acid flapped their powerful wings as fast as they could towards Berk. They needed to get their new king some help, badly. The two Changewings flew at night, being dimly lit by the moonlight. The darkness would suffice as cover until they were all but on top of the rickety village. Only then would they need to activate their unique ability to camouflage to remain unseen, practically turning invisible.

A full moon shown high in the dark sky, bright stars twinkled around it. Thick clouds showed up at random, creating a scene that looked to have been drawn by an angelic artist. The two dragon brothers saw Berk on the horizon, this just made them flap faster, harder. Dragons weren't blessed with faces that could show too much emotion, but the look of determination could be seen, plain as the moon in the sky.

"_Come on, brother, we're almost there,_" Drorg, the older of the two, said. He was bigger than his younger brother, with scales mostly red, but with some orange on his feet and some on his stomach. It looked almost like fire. Drorg was determined, he was faithful, powerful, obeyed the one in charge... no matter what the order. Pulling ahead of his brother, Acid, by a small margin. He wanted to be the first to reach Berk, even dragons like to have a little bit of brotherly competition.

"_I'm going as fast as I can, Drorg. I'm not the fastest Changewing out there,_" said Acid, mostly a sickly green color, but with patches of lime scales on his head. Acid, too, flapped harder, trying to catch up to his big brother. Drorg was commander of the Changewing clan, Acid was second in-command. Both the brothers were highly respected among their race of dragon.

"_Hey, brother, that Night Fury seemed to understand the human. Did you notice that?_" Acid said.

"_Yes. The Night Fury's purpose was to find the Orglore, or so the legend says. I just thought that he or she would have been a bit more, oh... how would I... impressive. _"

"_I'm sorry, brother, Orglore?_"

"_Ah, yes, you never heard the legend. Serves you right for being a loner._" Drorg said, taking a quick glance at his brother who looked off to the side. Berk would be within reach soon.

"_Mind telling the story?_"

"_For you, anytime. But, Berk is coming up quickly, and the king is our first priority. Stories can _wait._" Both dragons started to dive. Drorg, still a bit farther ahead, landed in a cove first, Acid landed next with a bit of a thud. He never was good at landings. The dragons looked at each other, nodded, and in the blink of an eye, vanished.

* * *

><p>Astrid stood in the Great Hall, fully clad in her normal get up. She was fixed in the middle of the Hall, her back towards the huge doors. She was nervous as heck. Keeping that secret -poorly, keeping that secret- was a huge mistake. She didn't even think the counsel would believe her.<p>

Yes, Stoick had gathered the counsel. Whatever involved his son was always his number one priority. Only, now it involved her as well. She was all but falling apart at the seams, but Astrid didn't let it show. Toughest worrier on Berk stood tall and proud, the counsel noted that much.

Stoick, Spitelout, Gobber, Hoark, and, unfortunately , her mother, Phlegma the Fierce. All waited for her to tell what really Happened to Hiccup Haddock, heir of the tribe. Astrid took a deep breath, ax in her right hand, shoulders stiff, back straight and head held high, unwavering.

"Astrid Hofferson, do you know what has become of my son?" Stoick said in a commanding tone of voice. He was terrified for his son, but he wasn't going to let that show, not in front of his counsel. They all sat at a large table in the middle of the Great Hall, Stoick sat in the middle of them all, his hands clasped together in-front of him.

"Yes, I know what's become of our little blacksmith," Astrid replied. Her mother looked at her, nodding to try and tell her it was okay to speak.

"After Hiccup beat me in dragon training, I was mad. Mad that someone like... well, uh-"

"Someone like Hiccup could beat you, yes? It was a shock to us all," said Spitelout. Stoick shot him a glance for saying it like it was the most ridiculous thing in the world. Astrid continued.

"-Yes, well, anyway. After Gothi chose the winner and Hiccup left, I followed him into the woods, wanting to see where he went to everyday. This next part is one reason why I didn't tell you the whole story. When I got to the cove Hiccup had been visiting, I found the reason for his sudden success in dragon training. He managed to down, a... um... a dragon." This was meant with surprised glances and small gasps. Astrid took a second for that information to sink in and to collect her self, then continued her story.

"The dragon, your not going to believe, but it was a Night Fury!" Everything was silent for a second, but then the counsel erupted into laughter, save Stoick and Gobber. Both seemed interested in the story, after-all, Hiccup had claimed to have shot one down.

"Quiet!" Stoick shouted, immediate silence followed and a couple of apologies were said in whispered tones toward the chief. "Continue, Astrid."

"Hiccup did manage to shoot down a Night Fury. I don't know all the details, but Hiccup wasn't afraid it. He seemed, friendly towards the dragon," she winced a little after she said that last part. The others were taken back, Stoick more so then anyone else. Hiccup had been defeating those dragons in the ring easily, why would he not want the great honor of killing a Night Fury? Why would he be friendly towards those beasts?

Stoick was shocked, you could easily tell by looking at his face. Even a bit of disbelief. "Tell us the truth, Hofferson," Stoick said in a commanding tone.

"I am, sir. This is why I didn't tell you, I thought you would just label me as crazy when I told you Hiccup trained a Night Fury..."

"Wait! He trained a Night Fury?! He sided with those beasts!?"

Stoick yelled, standing up with his fists on the table.

"That's high treason , Stoick!" Spitelout said. It was, and Stoick knew it, too.

"Aye, that it is, Stoick," Gobber said, in a saddened tone. Hiccup was not going to be welcomed back on Berk anytime soon. He'll actually have to be taken prisoner, if he could be found.

"May I continue? There's a little bit more I have to tell," Astrid said, feeling out of place. Stoick nodded, and sat down. What ever hope seemed to be in him drained out at the mention of his son being a traitor.

"Yes, O.K... Here's another crazy part, uh, the Night Fury, seemed to be very protective of Hiccup. The two were close friends. But, Hiccup's, well, he's... umm..."

"Come on lass, out w'th it," Gobber prodded with his thick accent. Astrid gulped, she had never been this nervous in her life!

"Hiccup," she continued, "is dead..." She didn't get a chance to finish.

"What do you mean his dead?" Stoick shouted, quickly standing up again.

"That's what he gets for trusting a dragon," Hoark said. Stoick shot him a glance.

"Actually, it was only the personality of Hiccup that died," Astrid said. Stoick sighed in relief, but had a look of confusion, as did the other members of the counsel.

"Well, explain hon," her mother said, speaking up for the first time.

"Before Hiccup left, he said he was going to make a name for himself. He also said that it was made clear that, no matter how hard he tried, a Hiccup could never be taken seriously. So, he changed his name to Scale, flew off on the dragon to, who knows where. Something snapped in Hiccup, and while I don't think we need to worry about him attacking us with an army of dragons, I do think we should keep an eye out for Scale." Stoick didn't believe all of what he was hearing. Did Hiccup hate his life on Berk so much to actually leave?

"That boy wouldn't dare show his face in our village, if he knew what was good for him," Spitelout said.

"No, you don't get it. That Night Fury did what Hiccup wanted when he wanted it done. If he wanted to, who's to say that he won't gather thousands of dragons and wipe Berk off the face of the Earth!?" She said. Spitelout shook his head, too proud to admit that Berk might not be able to stop Hiccup- Scale.

Stoick sat in his chair, deep in thought. If Scale would attack Berk, then Astrid would have put the whole village in even graver danger, if she hadn't spoken up. This just made her punishment more severe. Stoick shook his head in disappointment.

He was a failure as a father, and for that, Berk may have gotten a new enemy that just may prove to be their greatest. Not only that, but Hiccup left thinking that the whole village hated him, including Stoick.

"Is that all, lass?" Gobber said. Astrid nodded in approval.

"Then, your dismissed." Said Stoick. Astrid sighed, and headed out of the Great Hall. She knew that this wasn't over, she'll still had to be punished.

* * *

><p>{With Drorg and Acid}<p>

Drorg and Acid split up, Acid went to find Gothi, while Drorg went to find the blacksmith.

Drorg crept through the heart of Berk's village, looking for the blacksmith's shop. If he found that, he was sure he would find Gobber. Sniffing the air, Drorg pick up the smell of smoke. He guessed that would be a good sign of a blacksmiths shop.

His body kept close to the ground, being as silent as possible. Being invisible does no good if it sounded like you were releasing hell. Vikings' were walking around the village, causing more problems for the Changewing. Weaving in and out of them wasn't easy, but it did prove to be a little helpful as well.

He heard tons of gossip concerning his king while making his way to the blacksmith. At first, he didn't know what they were talking about, because he didn't know the boys name. But, he put two and two together, and he was a little shocked at what he heard.

"That useless boy, it's best the devils took him," one big, hairy viking said.

"I heard he trained one of those monsters and is planning on attacking Berk," another viking said, a women this time.

"Ha! That toothpick? Attacking our village?" The viking who said that snickered and left the conversation. Drorg had enough, his king needed him and he was listening to gossip that probably wasn't true anyway. Crawling along -now keeping closer to the outskirts of the village- made his way to the blacksmith shop, but it was empty.

"_Come on,_" Drorg spat, where was that stupid viking? His king is suffering and would die with out help! He went farther in the shop, smelling the air, no one was hear and haven't been for a while. That is, until he heard footsteps outside of the shop. Still camouflaged, Drorg crept into a corner, and waited for his prey.

It was dark in the forge, but dragons have great eye site, even in the dark. The door was already opened for when Drorg had entered. He probably should have shut it. Gobber was alerted that someone had broken into his shop, and entered ready for the worst. And he got it.

Drorg shot out of his hiding spot, completely unaware to the blacksmith. He tackled Gobber to the ground, using his front paws to grab and pin Gobber's arms to his sides, and he used his rear paws to pin his legs together. Gobber was strong, very strong, but the Changewing was determined to get help for his king. Once Gobber was subdued, Drorg shot out of the forge, just in time too, Gobber's yells had alerted the village of his presence.

"Put me down, you infernal beast!" The blacksmith yelled, as Drorg ascended into the star filled sky. There, he met up with his brother, who had Gothi on his back.

"_Oh, hello brother. how did your kidnapping go?_" Acid asked. Drorg rolled his eyes.

"_C__an't you see the man I'm_ _carrying?_"

"_Ah, yes, I see that._"

"_You have any trouble with the old lady?_"

"_It wasn't easy, but I powered through it_,"

****Flashback****

Acid opened the door to Gothi's hut. Camouflaging perfectly with everything around him.

He saw Gothi loading something up into a basket. He closed in on her, but she spun around and hit him on the top of his head with her stick. Surprised, the Changewing revealed himself. Expecting her to shout, it was a complete surprise when she grabbed her basket, walked up his head, and sat on his back.

Acid took off into the sky.

****End flashback****

Drorg looked at his a brother with a bemused expression. Shaking his head, he turned forward. Gobber was squirming underneath him, cursing all the while.

Four strange creatures with wings surrounded them, two on Drorg's left and two on Acids right. The strangers were wearing black cloaks, with wings that looked like a Night Fury's on their backs. They didn't look like any dragon the Changewings' had seen, in-fact, besides the wings they looked human. They had arms and legs like a human, the dragons couldn't see their heads' because of the cloaks, but the outline seemed to be that of a human head as well.

From what the Changewings could tell, two were male's and two were females, judging on their body types.

"_Who are you?_" Acid questioned, spooked by the sudden appearance. It was like they came from no where.

"We are the 'Scale Walkers'," a female Scale Walker said, flapping her great wings to gain some more height.

"_O.K, now what_ are.."

"Scale Walkers are half human and half dragon, chosen by fate to protect the one in power," a male said.

"Aye, in power of what?" Gobber asked, calming down a bit.

"The one in power of the dragons. We never protected the queen because she was corrupted and needed to be dethroned, to pay the price for enslaving the dragons." The same male said.

"_How did you..._" Drorg tried, but was interrupted by the other female.

"We are connected to the Dragon Line," she said. "All dragons are connected, but can't tap into it like we can," she said, referring to the Scale Walkers. "When you put that boy on the throne, you unknowingly connected him to the Dragon Line, alerting us of his presents."

Then, speaking at the same time, the Scale Walkers said, "We are the Scale Walkers, We will protect the King, guide him, help him, keep him on the right path. HE WILL RISE TO GLORY!"

That just made Gobber wet his skivvies. Everyone went quiet, dragon island was coming into view.

When they landed on the island, they were met with a large crowd of dragons, possibly larger than before. When they spotted the Changewings, they parted and made a path right to Hiccup.

Gobber was put down, once he saw Hiccup, he knew he was in trouble. Two Scale Walkers stood beside him, they were about 2 heads taller than Gobber. They weren't bulky, but were very lean. With powerful hands, they grabbed the blacksmith by the arms. Gobber struggled a bit against their grip, but it was no use. They started walking him in between the dragons and towards Hiccup. Gothi followed behind with the two, female, Scale walkers beside her.

Hiccup was unconscious, Toothless crooning sadly beside him, begging his friend to wake up. Gobber was thrilled to see his apprentice again, but soon knew why the dragons brought him. Picking up the bloody mess that was Hiccup, Gobber noted that he was still breathing, but had lost a lot of blood and was as pale as a sheet.

A Scale Walker pointed to a cave where they could help Hiccup, and let him rest. It was going to be painful for the boy when Gothi tried to heal him, but Gobber hoped he wouldn't feel anything being unconscious. He was wrong. Screams of pain and agony erupted from the cave that night, and it would haunt Gobber forever.

* * *

><p>It looks like Hiccup finally got some help, but who are these Scale Walkers and what will they bring to the table. Also, whats going to happen to Astrid? Sorry about any spelling mistakes or grammar errors, I don't have a beta reader and am forced to try and do it myself. Please leave a review, tell me what you think._</p>

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

Astrid was called back to the Great Hall the next morning, dreading what her punishment would be. She wouldn't be surprised if it was banishment and if it was, Astrid was going to find Hiccup.

She entered the Great Hall and was met with the counsel members, although Gobber wasn't present. Where'd he go? She stood before them like last time, ax in hand, standing proud and tall. She looked over to her mother, she gave a weary smile. Phlegma knew what the punishment was, being part of the counsel. Astrid could read her mother, the punishment wasn't going to be a walk in the park.

"Astrid Hofferson," the chief began, leaning back in his chair with his left elbow resting on the table. "You are found guilty of aiding an enemy, do you object?"

Oh. Astrid never thought of Hiccup as an enemy, but she did think of Scale as one. Stoick did as well, apparently. Now she hoped she didn't get executed.

"No, I don't object," she said with a strong voice. Her mother couldn't help but smile, she knew Astrid was only trying to do what she thought was right. Stoick didn't move, he stayed as still as stone, his chest the only thing moving with each breath.

"Your punishment for assisting a traitor will be to bring him back for... for," Stoick couldn't get the words out. He cleared his throat, buying himself some time to force them out. Astrid couldn't take it, she was going to have to bring Hiccup back. She was actually thrilled of maybe seeing him again, until Stoick told her his punishment. "You are to bring him back for... execution."

What! She was suppose to find Hiccup, drag him back, so his own father could kill him? Astrid eyed Stoick with disbelief. Stoick himself kept his eyes, not on her, but on the table, not wanting to look anyone in the eye. "You have till midnight tonight to gather what you need for your departure. You may leave."

"But, sir, Hiccup rides a Night Fury, how am I going to catch him? I'll never get to come back to Berk," she said, trying to convince him it was hopeless to try and catch Hiccup.

"Then don't come back, you brought this to yourself, and shame to your family," Stoick said, matter-a-fact. Showing no emotion, if he did, he would brake down crying. Astrid looked over to her mother, love and kindness was their. She gave her daughter a small nod.

"I'll come help you pack," she said, her voice filled with sorrow of losing her only child.

"She's banished, Phlegma, you may not help her," Spitelout said.

"I'm already shamed, I'm going to help my daughter one last time. It may be the last time I get to spend time with her, _Spitelout_, " she

spat his name. Spitelout was about to argue, but Stoick interrupted.

"Let her go, Spitelout, she's fine." Spitelout scowled, but did as the chief said. Mother and daughter walked out of the Great Hall. Astrid hated herself for what she had done, it wasn't right to make her own family suffer for her mistake. Astrid had her eyes trained at the ground, her ax in it's holster on her side. They walked in silence to their house, the only way Astrid knew her mother was there was because she had her hand on her shoulder. It seemed to take ages to reach their house and Astrid was glad that the stares they were getting were now resting on the closed door, not on her. She looked up at her mother and for the first time in years, there were tears in her eyes, begging to be released. Astrid was stubborn, she wasn't going to cry, not in front of her mother.

"I'm so... I'm so sorry mama," she said. Phlegma enveloped her daughter into to hug.

"It's fine, dear. You did what you thought was best. We never treated Hiccup right and you wanted to do one thing to honor him. There is nothing wrong with that," she said, effectively comforting Astrid, a little. She pulled away from the hug.

"How am I suppose to catch Hiccup when he rides a dragon?"

"Well, guess you'll have to fly a dragon yourself," Astrid was shocked to hear her mother say that. But, it was true, the only possible way to catch Hiccup was to train a dragon of her own. There was still something that bugged her a little though.

"Mom, what happened to Gobber?"

"He was attacked by a dragon last night," Phlegma said sadly. "Gothi was taken too." Astrid thought about what her mother had told her. Two dragons, took two people. When dragons raid, there are way more dragons then just two. The only thing she could come up with that would explain it would be... Hiccup. Gobber was the only that was nice to Hiccup, so maybe Hiccup wanted to see him, to say good by, but why Gothi?

"Alright deary," her mother said, breaking Astrid out of thought. "We'll get you everything you need, then when most of the village is asleep, we'll figure out how Hiccup trained that dragon."

Just then, people were shouting outside the Hofferson house hold. They were quiet at first, but grew louder quickly. Shouts of 'Gobber' were coming from the village. Astrid and Phlegma looked at each other, then ran outside into the plaza. It was true, Gobber was hobbling through a crowd of people, all asking the same question, 'what happened? Where'd you go.' Astrid didn't get a chance to talk to him, because he locked himself in his forge. Astrid felt a little deflated, Gobber was the only one who might know where Hiccup was and he wouldn't let her in the blasted forge! _Oh well,_ she thought,_ he has to come out sometime. _

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Astrid couldn't wait outside the forge all day for Gobber, she had stuff to do and soon, a dragon to train.

* * *

><p>{On Dragon Island}<p>

Scale lay on his back, bandages covered most of his body. He was cold, even with the thick wool blanket Gothi had brought him. Gothi was cleaning up her medical supplies, she said -or wrote- that Scale's would be fine, he just needed time to heal and to clean his missing limb every day. His missing limb was why Gobber had to leave early, to make him a prosthetic.

The Scale walkers were there with Scale as well, standing in a line, arms folded across their chests'. Their hoods were still hiding their faces'.

"You guys don't talk much, do you?" Scale question with a hoarse voice. "Come on, at least tell me your names." The Walkers looked among themselves, but caved in.

"My name is Amelia," said the female on the far left. They continued down the line.

"Riker," a male this time.

"Hade" another male.

"April," the last girl said. Hiccup eyed them, still standing like their most dangerous thing in the world. Something else still needed to be cleared up, however.

"K, now that we got the names out of the way, why don't you tell me where the lame name, 'Scale Walkers,' came from?" Scales said.

"Don't you call yourself Scale?" April questioned.

"I was referring more to the 'walker' part."

"We get our name from a series of initiations we have to go through to fully become 'Scale Walkers'. But, we're named for the last one, where we have to walk on a path of heated scales," Riker said.

"So, you literally walk on scales? Lame," Scales said with a quiet chuckle. He couldn't see it, but the Walkers narrowed their eyes' at him. Gothi slapped her stick on the ground to get everyone's attention. She waved to Scale, and motioned to Hade to carry her back to Berk.

"Guess I'll carry the old hag back," Hade said, walking over to Gothi. Hade earned a hit on the head from Gothi. Scale chuckled again.

"She's mute, not deaf." Scale said. Hade looked back at him, then picked up Gothi and put her on his back. Within a second, he was gone and headed to Berk.

Scale looked at Toothless, who was laying in-front of his bed, eyeing the Walkers with his green eyes that could pierce a boulder. The Walkers, however, were undeterred. Toothless grumbled something that actually made the Walkers back up a little, holding out their hands

in fake surrender. Scale noticed this.

"You guys understand Toothless?"

"Yes, we know Dragonese," April said. Scale was surprised that the dragons had their own language, but he was even more thrilled that he might be able to learn it.

"So, do... do you guys think you could teach me?" Scale asked, then realized how he said it and rephrased it. "I mean, teach the language to me."

The walkers chuckled at the boys arrogance. He was obviously trying to be something he was not.

"Why are you hear, kid?" Riker asked. Kneeling closer to the boy, even at a grunt of disapproval from Toothless. Scale was taken back from the question. He really didn't want to talk about it, it just made him think of the stuff he left behind, or the person he left behind.

"I need to rest, can you guys excuse us?" Scale asked, even though he said it like it was a command. The Walkers bowed low to their new king, and left the cave where the other dragons had been told to wait. Scale was glad to be alone. He retreated to his thoughts, which always landed on Astrid.

Oh! She was the only one he missed. Every time he passed out due to the lack of blood in his body, he would dream about her. He needed to get her out of his head, it wasn't like he was going to see her again. As soon as he could walk again, he would be traveling, exploring the archipelago, making a name for himself. A girl would only slow him down. Then again, this was Astrid, he would probably do most of the slowing down. Hugh, he needed to think about more important things, like his plan for making name for himself. It's not like it was just going to happen on it's own.

* * *

><p>{On Berk}<p>

"There, your all good to go," Phlegma said, closing Astrid's pack. Astrid was seated at the table, poking her last meal on Berk with her fork. Phlegma looked at her daughter, she had never seen her more depressed. Her shoulders were slack and her head was resting on her arm. "Astrid, you'll be fine. I know you can take care of yourself."

"So do I," Astrid said, not looking up from her plate. She sighed. It was an hour till midnight and most of the village was asleep, she'd have to train a dragon soon. Her mother knew that as well.

"Come on, dear, I know that you know what you have to do," Phlegma said, going to stand by her daughter and placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. Astrid looked up into her mothers brown eyes, Astrid got her blue eyes from her father, who was killed in an outcast raid.

That day still haunted her, it happened over 4 years ago and it was the reason she taught herself how to fight. Her mother was her last

family member, and she was going to make sure nothing bad happened to her. Astrid nodded to her mother, and they both headed towards the dragon training arena. There, Astrid would break the most sacred of viking traditions. She wasn't going to keep the dragon, she just need to catch Hiccup, then she could ditch the dragon and bring Hiccup home to be... to... She couldn't think about what would happen to him, she was putting her family first and Hiccup second.

The walk seemed to take for ever, but the two finally made it to the dragon arena. Phlegma watched her daughter enter, she had to stay up top so she could release the dragon. With the gate closed behind the young female worrier, Phlegma asked what kind of dragon she wanted.

"Nadder," Astrid said, not giving it a second thought.

Training a dragon was harder then she thought and gave props to Hiccup. Her and the Nadder had been running around the arena for half-an-hour, she was running out of time. She needed to train the dragon and leave before midnight. She only had thirty minutes left. Her mother was trying to do her best to give her daughter some advice, but she knew just as much as Astrid... nothing. That was, until a familiar voice made itself present.

"Your doing it wrong, lass," Gobber said, enter the arena. Astrid and the dragon were at a stand still, both not taking their eyes off of the other.

"Gobber, it... it isn't..." Astrid stuttered. Man! She couldn't wait until she was back to her own confident self. Stupid Hiccup for making her like this. Gobber continued walking closer to the dragon.

"I know what your doing, Astrid. I'm hear to help. Hiccup went on and on about these guys. You need to show them your not a threat, lose the ax, Astrid," goober said. Astrid took her eyes off the dragon for a moment to look at the blacksmith. He looked serious, so she complied and threw her ax off to the side. Astrid immediately noted a change in the dragon, but not enough to get any closer to it. Gobber was now in-between Astrid and the dragon.

"You need to show dragons that you can be trusted," Gobber said as he put his good hand close to the dragons snout and looked away. Astrid couldn't believe what she was seeing! The dragon looked at Gobber skeptically, then slowly put her nose in his hand. Gobber looked at the dragon and smiled, he would never get used to that. He slowly moved his hand away from the dragon and turned to look at Astrid, who was shocked. Phlegma watched the whole thing unfold and had the same expression as her daughter.

"Come on, lass, you'll need to leave soon," Gobber said. Astrid, cautiously, made her way over to the man. Gobber grabbed Astrid's hand and slowly put it on the dragon's nose. What Astrid felt next was something she could only describe as, amazing. She could feel the trust, power and love that the beast had. Astrid felt that the dragon had as much emotion as people do, they weren't the brainless, heartless beasts that they thought they were. Astrid couldn't help but laugh. Phlegma clapped for her daughter, but also shed a few tears. Her daughter was actually leaving her.

"Hiccup's at dragon island," Gobber said. Astrid just nodded, not taking her eyes off the dragon. "Stoick told me everything. You won't get Hiccup off that island."

Now Astrid let her hand fall from the dragons snout.

"What do you mean? I have to get him back, or else I can't come home!" Astrid said. Her mother was listening intently, did this mean she was never going to see Astrid again.

"I'm sorry, lass. Gothi came back a few minutes ago, she said Hiccup would be fine..."

"What? What happened to him?" Gobber explained everything he knew to her, she was surprised that Hiccup the Useless could pull that off. Guess they would have to drop the 'Useless' title. Phlegma had made her way into the arena and ran up to Gobber and Astrid, ignoring the dragon.

"Does this mean I won't get to see my baby again?" Phlegma said, trying not to cry. Gobber, sadly, nodded. Yes. Now Phlegma did break down crying. Her and Astrid shared one last hug that they wished would never end.

"I love you mama," Astrid said, a few tears making their way down her cheek.

"I love you, too," Phlegma said, pulling away to look Astrid in the eye. Gobber felt out of place.

"We... should get going, Astrid," He said.

After one more good by, Gobber led Astrid and her dragon to his Changewing, which he landed in the cove. Gobber mounted his dragon after helping Astrid onto her's. The two took off to Dragon Island.

* * *

><p>{On Dragon Island}<p>

Astrid and Gobber landed on dragon island and were met with hundreds upon thousands of dragon. It seemed they refused to move until they got word that their king was O.K, which was kept under wraps.

"You have it, Gobber?" Hade asked. Gobber nodded, and handed the Walker something wrapped in cloth. Astrid stared dumbfounded at the man. Hade noticed.

"Don't you know that it's not polite to stare?" Hade said, smiling behind his cloak. Astrid quickly averted her eyes.

"So, mister..." Astrid trailed off, not knowing the mans name, or if he was even a man.

"Hade. Scales in the cave," he said, turning to point at the cave that held Hiccup. That was Astrid needed to know. Without a second thought, Astrid took off in a sprint, ignoring the dragons that were all around her.

"Scale and her... A couple?" Hade asked Gobber. Gobber just sighed.

"It's, complicated," he said. Hade looked back to the cave where Astrid had just entered.

Hiccup still lay on his stone slab, Toothless looking like he was trying not to fall asleep at the foot of his bed. Hiccup didn't notice Astrid came in until Toothless gave a growl, baring his teeth at the girl.

"Astrid? What... What are you doing... hear?" Scale said, why was it that he could never not stutter when talking to Astrid. Oh, wait, it's because it's ASTRID!

"Hiccup..." she began.

"Scale!" He corrected.

"No, I like Hiccup, not Scale," she said, coming closer to the bed, Toothless growled. But, Scale assured him that Astrid was not a threat, at least, he thought she wasn't.

"What do you mean, you like Hiccup?" Scale questioned, not quite believing his own ears. Astrid was now kneeling besides Scale's bed, looking him in the eye. For the first time ever, Astrid blushed.

"I mean, I like Hiccup. Scales is just a jerk," She said, quietly. Scale pondered this for a second.

"I... I guess if... If you like Hiccup, then... I guess I'll be Hiccup. But, the name I make for myself will be under Scale."

"I suppose that's a start," Astrid said. "Now, I have one question."

"What?"

"Can I stay with you?"

* * *

><p>Please leave a review telling me what you thought of this chapter. Are you glad Astrid and Hiccup are together (their not a couple yet)? This isn't the end of the story, oh no, stay tuned to see what happens with Scale, he's not gone yet :)_

5. Chapter 5

**O.K, so this chapter is a little smaller then my previous chapters. But, I think you'll like it none-the-less. I want to Thank you all for the amazing reviews. They want me to keep writing.

**_

Enough Talk, lets read._

I DON'T OWN HTTYD OR CHARACTERS (ONLY MY OC's)_

* * *

The forest was thick. Tall trees blocked out a lot of the sky, the sun only breaking through the leaves at a few points. It was an eerie feeling being in there when you were alone. The ground was mostly covered in slick moss, which was a pain to walk on with a metal leg. There were patches of dirt on the ground, which Hiccup tried his best to always place his prosthetic on.

Hiccup had his knees bent, slowly looking around. Everything was quiet, which meant someone was about to jump out to try and cut his head off. He continued on his way. Before the training exercise started, Hiccup and the Walkers chose an extraction point where Toothless was waiting to take him to safety.

"AAAAAAHHHHHH!" Was the battle cry of Hiccup's girlfriend. She jumped out of the bushes behind Hiccup, swinging her battle ax. Hiccup spun around faster than a blink of an eye, deflecting Astrid's ax with his sword. A loud 'clang!' sounded as the metals met and sparks flew, lighting up the area around them. Hiccup didn't know what the two weapons were made of that made the sparks fly.

Astrid ax was directed to the ground by Hiccup's sword. She used the moment it created to bring her right foot in a 180 degree spin kick at Hiccup's side. He spun around it. Astrid now had her ax over her shoulder and swung it at the boy. Hiccup, again, was quicker and ducked under her blow. He gave a quick kick with his prosthetic at Astrid's side, but she easily dodged it.

Hiccup had been training for over two hours and beginning to get a bit sluggish. That wasn't good when you were battling Astrid. She noted Hiccup was slowing down, that just made her speed up her attacks. She finally landed a powerful kick in Hiccup's side, sending him to the ground on his back. He gave a groan of discomfort as he lay there. Astrid stood over him, her ax on his throat. A smirk graced her face.

"I have to hand to you, Hiccup, your getting better," Astrid said, helping Hiccup up off the ground.

"Yeah, I can tell," he responded sarcastically, dusting himself off and picking up his sword. Astrid rolled her eyes.

"No, really, if I wasn't hear training with you, you'd be a way better fighter than me." Hiccup, spite himself, smiled. Although, he didn't believe it, Astrid did.

"It's true, Hiccup." April said, coming out of her hiding place with a bow in hand. The Walkers had an uncanny ability to shoot fire like dragons, but out of their hands. "You are really becoming quite the worrier." Hiccup gave a small smile.

"Come on, lets head back. It's almost time for dinner," Astrid said. The three walked back together, Hiccup holding Astrid's hand in his. Hiccup gave his Night Fury call to let Toothless know they were finished with the training mission.

They arrived back at Hiccup's and Astrid's house in a couple minutes, with Toothless sprinting behind them trying to catch up. The house was in the middle of the woods, trees had been cleared to give them a front yard that they could actually see. Astrid was forced to do more

of the girly things around the place, things she tried to get out of back on Berk. Amelia had taught her to cook, thankfully. She also had to do most of the chores around the place, like clean and work on the garden she and April were doing, while Hiccup learned Dragonese and worked with the male Walkers on training the dragon population. Before either of them knew it, they had a functioning domestic life as well as an army of fire breathing reptiles.

The group entered the house to find Hade, Riker and Amelia sitting at the table. Whatever they were discussing was dropped when they came in. Hade stood up to greet them.

"Sooo, how was training?" Hade asked. Hiccup had convinced them to drop the cool guy act awhile ago. They no longer wore their black cloaks when on dragon island. Instead, they wore normal viking cloths.

"Oh, great... just great. I mean, if you count getting owned by your girlfriend, then yes, it was great," Hiccup said, sarcastically. The Walkers laughed, Astrid did her best not to, but couldn't help the smile.

"Oh, come on, your getting better. A lot better. You need to stop selling yourself short," Astrid said. Hiccup didn't seem to believe it. He noticed the table was set, he guessed Amelia did it while they were training. Everyone sat at the table to begin eating. It was then Hiccup noticed that Toothless hadn't come back yet.

"Anyone seen Toothless?" He asked. Everyone shook their heads. No. Hiccup couldn't help but worry when he didn't know where his friend was at all times. He was about to get up to go look for him, but Toothless opened the door with his paw and sat by his friend.

"_You going to shut the door?_" Hiccup asked his friend in Dragonese. Toothless looked at him, then the door, then back at him. Riker sighed. Since he was the closest to the door he got up and shut it.

"_Useless reptile,_" he said.

"_Preach it to the quire my friend,_" Toothless said. Hiccup laughed.

"Where you been Toothless?" Astrid asked, she didn't know Dragonese yet, but Toothless understood Norse. Toothless took that as _show_ what you've been up to and regurgitated a squirrel right in front of Hiccup. Hiccup leaned back into his chair, trying to get away from the nasty thing.

"_I thought you only eat fish?_" Hiccup questioned.

"_I like to try new things,_" Toothless said. "_Also, this guy was making fun of me._" Hiccup just looked at his friend. Every since he learned to speak dragon he learned that dragons and other animals don't get along.

"_Really? You can talk to_ _squirrels?_" Amelia said. Toothless shook his head and explained how it was throwing acorns at him. The gang laughed at Toothless's little showdown with a squirrel.

"_You going to leave this hear ooorrrr..._" Hiccup said, gesturing to the squirrel. Toothless grabbed it by the tail, through it up in the air ate it again. He shivered at the taste.

"_Doesn't taste as good the second time,_" Toothless said. The group laughed and continued their meal.

"Hey, where's Stormfly?" Hiccup asked.

"Probably looking at herself in the mirror in my room," Astrid answered. Nadder's were obsessed with how they looked and were always trying to make themselves prettier.

After dinner, the Walkers left the house to go back to their place in the cave where Hiccup had staid to heal. He and Astrid were left alone, sitting on the couch looking into the fire. Astrid had her head on Hiccup's shoulder. Yep. Life was perfect. To bad they couldn't share the peace with anyone else. Sure, the war was over between vikings and dragons, but that's only because all the dragons didn't have to serve the queen anymore. Hiccup sighed.

"What're you thinking Hiccup?" Astrid asked in a soft voice. She tilted her head up to look into Hiccup eyes. She could read him like a book.

"Nothing," he said, fidgeting. Astrid rolled her eyes and gave Hiccup a look she perfected over the months. Hiccup did his best to not look into his girlfriends blue eyes, but gave in.

"Fine!" He said, defeated. Astrid looked back into the fire, snuggling closer to Hiccup. "I was just thinking about Berk. As hard as I try not to, it just keep popping up."

"Yeah, I find myself thinking about mom a lot, too," Astrid said. Hiccup shook his head in disbelief.

"If they could see me now," he chuckled, "they'd hate me, but they'd respect me." Astrid chuckled quietly. The two fell into silence until an idea came to Astrid.

"Well... Their might be a way for you to show Berk what you can really do," she said. Hiccup gave her a questioning look, though she didn't see it.

"And what way would that be?"

"The Viking Games," she answered, tilting her head to look at him again. The Viking Games was a term Hiccup didn't know to well. Probably because he was never allowed to go. The Viking Games were a series of games that the vikings play. Each tribe in the archipelago would send their greatest worriers with their chief to an island (it changed every year) to compete against each other. The great thing about the Games were you could compete in peace, it didn't matter if you were at war with another tribe. If you were part the archipelago then you could compete.

Hiccup thought about it. It was a way to get out there and show everyone what he was capable of.

"I don't know, Astrid. Do you think we could even compete, you know,

not having a chief to represent us?"

"You king over the dragons, Hiccup. You could represent us. Although, we should probably go to Berk to see if the rules permit it."

"Wait! Berk? The Games are being held... At Berk?" Hiccup said, standing up, causing Astrid's head to fall. She caught herself, annoyed that their little moment was ruined. "How do you know the Games are being held at Berk?" He continued.

"Because, I was going to participate this year. Then you decided you wanted to ride dragons," she said. Hiccup winced. It was kinda his fault Astrid got in trouble, even though she said it wasn't.

"K, fine. How do we even get on Berk without getting shot?" Hiccup asked with his arms crossed, waiting for an answer. Astrid thought about this for a second.

"The games are tomorrow, if I remember the date correctly. And, by tradition, they won't officially start until they had a great feast at noon." Hiccup thought about this information. If he and Astrid entered right after the feast, then by law they couldn't attack them. Perfect. A smile stretched across his face.

"Well, guess we'll be gracing the Games with our presence," Hiccup said.

"We'll need our sleep if you're going to win this thing," Astrid said, standing up off the couch to look Hiccup in the eye.

"Your right. Good night, Astrid." With a goodnight kiss, Hiccup and Astrid headed off to their rooms. Astrid's was upstairs and Hiccup's was downstairs. Tomorrow, they would fly to Berk, there, the Games will begin.

* * *

><p>Alright, looks like Hiccup's going to show Berk up :D We haven't seen Scale in a while, wonder how much longer Hiccup can keep that beast under control. Please review, if you've ever written a story then you know how it feels to get a review. Till next time, BYE.
*_

6. Chapter 6

**Welcome to chapter six. I got my first negative review, yay. I know you didn't really rant on my story anonymous, but it still bugs me. You can tell me how terrible my story is, just tell me how to make it better, K? Thanks. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 6_

Hiccup woke early the next morning, the sun was barely making it's way over the horizon. He was an early riser ever since Toothless came into his life. The dragon loved to fly early in the morning and at night. This time, however, Toothless was still sound asleep, leaving Hiccup to his thoughts, which landed on Berk and the Games. He was

both excited and terrified.

Rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them, Hiccup crawled out of bed to get ready. His dresser was next to his table, which had numerous blue prints scattered about, both were on the opposite side of the room. He didn't have many clothes to choose from, but Astrid had actually knitted him some. Knitting! He wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it for himself. The Walkers had numerous skills that they taught Hiccup and Astrid, how Hade knew how to knit was beyond Hiccup.

Hiccup pulled out a few clothes that he would pack to go to Berk. In his haste, and still groggy state, Hiccup let a small blue box fall out of his closet. He cursed himself for not being more careful. The content of that little box could mean one of two things, 1; a life time of sorrow, or 2; a life time of happiness. He hoped it was the latter. Hiccup carefully picked the small box up and placed it back in the farthest part of his dresser. He gave a sigh, although he was smiling a warm smile. Hiccup continued to pack, putting his pants, shirt and whatever else he might need on his happy trip back home. He was going to win this thing, for Astrid, Toothless, the Walkers, and himself. But, mostly because Scale likes to show people who's boss.

The young king walked through a cloth that separated his room from the living room, there, he was met with the Walkers. They were seated around a fire they must have started in the fire pit. Hiccup greeted them and set his pack down by the door.

"Ya know, you don't have to be 'protecting' me twenty-four-seven," Hiccup said, "you guys have wings, go places sometimes, ya know? get out and enjoy your freedom."

"Don't think so, kid." Riker said with a small smile, "you ask her yet?" Hiccup chuckled sheepishly.

"Not yet. And, keep your voice down. She has ears like a Night Fury." Hiccup sat down among his friends.

"So, where you going?" April asked, nodding her head toward the pack Hiccup had placed at the door.

"What? Oh, um... Astrid and I are going to... Uh... We're going to go to Berk to compete in the Viking Games," Hiccup replied, nervously. The Walkers did not like this idea at all.

"Oh really? Do you want to go, or does Scale?" Riker asked. Hiccup rolled his eyes.

"Guys, listen, I told you. Scale was just a dumb idea I had when I was angry. Nothing more." Hiccup tried, but the Walker's didn't seem to believe it. Toothless groggily made his way into the main living area where his master was. Every time Hiccup wakes up before him he assumes somethings gone wrong. But, like always, Hiccup was fine. Toothless situated himself behind his friend, a yawn escaping his mouth.

"You ask her?" Toothless asked. Hiccup groaned. He snapped back to look at his friend.

"No! I did not ask Astrid yet!" Hiccup said a little too loudly. Toothless chortled.

"Ask me what?" Astrid said, walking down the steps that led to her bedroom. Hiccup paled and the Walkers, along with Toothless, grew an amused look. Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck nervously.

"Oh, you know... Umm... When we were going to head to Berk,"

"_Nice_ _save,__" Toothless teased. Hiccup shot him a glance.

"Well, I told you it would be safest to go around the time their having that feast."

"Oh... right, thank you," Hiccup said, glad she bought his poor lie. The room fell into silence till Amelia suggested breakfast.

"I'll go get Stormfly," Astrid said, then disappeared back up stairs. Toothless nudged Hiccup in the back. It was time to go flying. Hiccup wasn't going to be able to ignore Toothless for long, he just hoped Amelia was a fast cooker.

* * *

><p>Hiccup loved the feeling of wind rushing through his hair. Just the pure adrenalin of flying was enough to make the hairs on your neck stand on end. Astrid was riding Stormfly off to his right, doing some tricks every now and then. The Walkers, also, were enjoy their wings. A few minutes into flying, Hiccup had an idea.<p>

"Hey," he said, addressing the group, " Why don't we just fly past Berk to see if any other ships had shown up. You, know, stalk out the competition." The others didn't like the idea all that well.

"Hiccup," Astrid said, he didn't hear her.

"Hiccup," she tried again. Still, Hiccup didn't acknowledge her. Astrid was flying a foot away from him, how did he not hear her? She tried a different approach she hoped wouldn't work, but, it did.

"SCALES!" Now Hiccup turned to look at her, his eyes were wide with, what can only be described as... wildness. Astrid was a little taken back by the sheer look he gave her, it sent shivers down her spine. And that's saying something. The Walkers saw that, too. Riker flew closer to Hiccup.

"Snap out of it!" He shouted. Hiccup's eyes snapped shut. He shook his head violently a few times before opening his eyes again.

"AAHHH! What!?" Hiccup yelled, he didn't like someone screaming in his ear.

"What happened?" Hade asked. Hiccup didn't know what he meant. "Why'd you respond to Scales?"

"I don't know what you guys are talking about," Hiccup claimed honestly. "Scales does not exist... Honest."

The Walkers shared worried looks, they would have to keep a sharper eye on Hiccup. Astrid would also be paying closer attention to him. It had taken a full month for Hiccup to get Scale out of his system, it wouldn't be healthy for anyone in the archipelago if Scales made a hasty return. The six went back to their flying, doing tricks and trying to out do the others. It was still early in the morning and would be a couple of hours before they needed to leave.

Hiccup was nervous as heck about going home. Scales, however, was thrilled he was going to meet all the people who ever abused him on one slab of rock called Berk.

* * *

><p>"Alright! Everything is packed and ready to go," Astrid said, putting her pack at the front door of their house. The Walkers were only taking a few pairs of clothing, which they had slung over their backs in small satchels. Hiccup was crossing off his list of supplies as well. He had everything, except...<p>

"Where's my sword?" He said aloud. Astrid looked at her boyfriends pack, his sword laying right on top of it.

"You already packed it, Hiccup," she said. Hiccup looked back at his things, but shook his head in dissatisfaction and continued to look around the house. He entered his room, emerging a minute later wielding a weapon no one had ever seen before.

"Ah, hear it is," he said. Hiccup held a blade that was truly a work of art. The blade had a curve to it, much like a samurai sword. The blade was all black with a red strip running up the center. The hilt of the sword had an extra piece of metal to guard the knuckles. It, too, was mostly black. Red gems lace the knuckle guard. On the bottom of the hilt had a small dagger, all black.

"Guys," Hiccup said, "I'd like to introduce to you the blade that will strike fear into the very hearts of the vikings that we will be cutting down tomorrow." The group stared at Hiccup, eyes wide.

"_When did you have time to make that?_" Toothless asked. Hiccup just eyed him, but didn't answer.

"Where'd the gems come from?" April asked. Hiccup turned around to look at her, he smiled.

"Berserker Island," he said proudly. They didn't like the sound of that. Astrid was about to ask _how_ he got the gems, but Hiccup spoke up before she could.

"Come on," he said, "Berk won't come to us." The group exited Hiccup's and Astrid's house and took off into the sky.

* * *

><p>It was evening when Berk came into view. The Games were defiantly being held at Berk. Numerous ships were docked there, all sported a different crest on the sails. Hiccups eyes grew wide with glee. This was going to be something to remember.<p>

"Alright, hears how we land with out getting shot," Hiccup said. "Walkers, you should be able to land without drawing fire. Once you do, clear an area where me and Astrid can land. Got it?" Riker looked at him. Hiccup couldn't tell what his expression was because the Walkers' were dressed in their black cloaks again.

"Sir yes sir!" Riker exclaimed, excitement was evident in his voice. He was glad to finally help serve his king and to see some action. The Walkers began a deep and fast descent on Berk. Cry of fright could be herd from the village, but the Walkers landed unharmed. Not to many people were in the village, most were at the Great Hall, enjoying the feast before the Games began the next day. Riker singled Hiccup and Astrid it was safe to land with their dragon. Hiccup smiled wildy, showing his teeth. He pulled out a mask with black scales on it. A skull was drawn with red scales on the front of it, creating an eerie looking mask. Hiccup slid the mask over his head. Astrid never saw Hiccup wearing the mask before, let alone the mask itself.

Hiccup and Toothless dove to the ground, Astrid and Stormfly close behind. The Walkers were positioned in a large square, allowing Hiccup and Astrid to land with their protection. The Walkers' hand that was on the outside of the protective box was smoking, ready to blast a fireball at anyone who tried something funny.

Their welcoming comity was small, no one of importance was there, not yet at least. Hiccup and Astrid got off their dragons and started to make their way up to the Great Hall. A small crowd following at a distance. The Walkers were vigilant, their eyes constantly scanning the area. Toothless and Stormfly kept their heads close to the ground, walking with the bloody murder on their face if anyone tried to hurt their riders.

The doors to the Great Hall were pushed open violently, revealing Hiccup and his posy. The Great Hall, that was filled with merriment and laughter, the occasional drunken singer, fell quiet when the Hall's doors opened. Hiccup had his hands clasped behind him, his head help high. The Walkers entered first, hands still smoking, looking at everyone of the vikings. Hiccup and Toothless entered next, then Astrid and Stormfly.

Hiccup walked towards the middle of the Hall where the chiefs were seated around a large, round table. He had a bit of sway to his body with each step. All eyes were on him, he liked it.

"Who are you?" Dagur, chief of the Berserkers asked when Hiccup stepped up onto their table. Astrid and the Walkers and the dragons turned to face the people watching.

"My name is Scale, King of the Dragons," Scale said with pride. The whole Hall erupted into laughter. Scale hated being laughed at. He grunted something to Toothless who gave a loud screech. That shut them up.

"You have the audasity to laugh at me? I flew to this island on the unholy offspring of lighting and death itself," Scale said to the crowd. Toothless had mostly gone unnoticed, most eyes were on Scale and the Walkers. People don't usually have wings you know.

Stoick eyed Scale with hate, he knew who was really behind the mask. And, while he loved Hiccup, he was a traitor, changing his name didn't get him out of that.

"Why are you hear, traitor?" Stoick asked. Scale snapped around to meet his gaze. He slowly walked over to his ex-father, it was actually a little frightening. Scale bent down, resting his right knee on the table to look Stoick in the eye.

"To show you what a huge mistake you made," Scale said in a low and hushed tone so only Stoick could. Berk's chief didn't budge, but continued to scowl at the man.

"You made a mistake coming back, Hiccup..." Stoick said. Scale shot up.

"My name is Scale. Hiccup is only known to people who treat him right. My dragon, girlfriend, and the Walkers." Scale walked back over to the center of the table.

"No matter who you are, you will be arrested for your cri..." Stoick couldn't finish because Scale cut him off, again. He laughed an evil laugh.

"Funny thing is, Stoick, you can't."

"What do you..."

"I am hear to compete, along with my girlfriend." Stoick knew why he couldn't attack the boy. If he was hear to compete then the rules protected him. Wait!

"You can't compete, Scale. You don't have an island, a clan, to represent," Stoick said, standing up on the table to arrest Scale. Scale just held put his palm out to Stoick, signaling him to stop.

"Did you not hear me?" Scale chuckled darkly, "probably not, actually, you always had a problem listing to others." That took Stoick back a bit. Surely, he listened to Hiccup... Right?

"O.K, who the heck his this guy?" Thuggory, chief of the Meatheads' asked. Only the people on Berk knew of Hiccup's little stunt he pulled with the dragons.

"Oh, that's right," Scale said. "My name is Scale. I am king over the dragons and I live on Dragon Island along with my girlfriend, Astrid..." He was cut off by a snicker from the crowd. Scales knew exactly who it was, but continued with what he was saying.

"... The fine fellows' with wings are my body guards. They are called 'Scale Walkers'. My dragon is harmless as is my girlfriend's, just, don't provoke them. There, now you know who I am and who they are," scale said, gesturing to his friends with that last comment. He turned back to Stoick.

"And, I do have someone to represent. My island, Dragon Island and, my clan, the dragons." Stoick looked to his fellow chief's for support, he only got a shrug of their shoulders in return. Scale smiled behind the mask, but then, an all to familiar voice spoke out

among the crowd.

"Wait, so this twig of a boy is going to compete?" Snotlout burst out laughing. Scale followed suit, faking a loud cackle of a laugh. Snotlout didn't seem to know he was faking.

"You... You think I'm a twig," Scale said between fits of fake laughter. Snotlout nodded, still laughing like he was insane. Scale laughed louder. "That's hilarious! Why don't you come on up hear, I want to give you something for being such a comedian." Snotlout didn't think twice. Wiping some tears out of his eyes', he climbed on to the table. Scale stopped laughing immediately. With a clenched fist, Scale punched Snotlout in the face so hard that he left his feet and sailed back into the crowd of vikings.

"Oh, and another thing, Snotlout, Astrid is my girlfriend and has been for months now. So, tell me, hows it feel to lose to a twig?" Scale sighed, they still thought of him as a weak person. Even after he flew hear on a Night Fury, became king of the dragons, heck, even after he got ASTRID HOFFERSON as a girlfriend. It was clear to him then. To be looked at as an equal, he'd have to show them that he's the best worrier in the archipelago by winning the Games. And, if that didn't work, he would just have to show them the size of his army.

"Trust me, Snot, I've been gone for six months. A lot has changed," Scale said. He was satisfied. Tomorrow would be the best Viking Games in viking history. He chuckled to himself at the thought of getting to beat on the very souls that ever treated him with no respect. He turned to Stoick, whose hands were in fists, anger written on his face.

"So... What's the guessed room situation?"

* * *

><p>What question is Hiccup going to ask Astrid? MYSTERY
:D

7. Chapter 7

_Welcome to another chapter in the ongoing 'Legend of Scale'. I have some _**_announcements to make at the end of the chapter, but for now, enjoy._**

* * *

><p>Chapter 7**_

Stoick opened the guest room that would house Scale and his friends for the Games. The house was pretty big, but not big enough for everyone. It had a bear rug, a couch, one bedroom, and a kitchen.

"There's no way we're all going to fit in here, Stoick," Scale said. It felt weird calling his father by his first name. Stoick didn't seem to mind, however.

"Deal with it," Stoick said, shrugging his shoulders and walking

away. Scale scoffed, not really the way you talk to the king of dragons. The group entered the house, dragons having to stay outside.

"Yeah, no way am I living in here when I don't have any room to move my arms," Astrid said.

"What about your mom? She'll let you stay with her if you're looking for more room," Scale offered. Astrid lit up at the thought of seeing her mother again.

"Great idea! My house is pretty big, I'm sure mom would let you stay there, too. The Walkers and the dragons could stay here," Astrid said. Scale turned to the Walkers to see if they agreed. Riker said it'd be fine.

"_What about you, Toothless?_" Scale asked the Night Fury. Toothless didn't like leaving his master and best friend.

"_I don't know, Hiccup. You're not exactly loved here, what if someone tried to hurt you,_" Toothless questioned, making himself worry even more. Scale laughed a lovingly laugh and bent down to meet his friend's worry gaze.

"_Don't worry, bud, I can take care of myself now. Plus, Astrid's with me._" Toothless did take some comfort in knowing the blonde would be there, watching him. Toothless crooned softly, but agreed to let Hiccup go.

"Thanks, bud," Scale said, rubbing his friend's head. Astrid helped her dragon through the door, it was just big enough to allow a large scaly reptile in. She patted her dragon on the side of the head and told her to behave herself. She got a soft croon in reply which Scale translated to 'O.K.'. Scale and Astrid left the guest house which was built on the outskirts of the village. The two walked hand in hand towards Astrid's old home.

"You know, I can't tell you how good it felt to watch you punch Snotlout off that table," Astrid said, smiling at Hiccup, who still wore the mask. He shrugged.

"Felt good for me, too," he said, Astrid laughed. They entered the heart of the village where Astrid's house was located. Strange looks were given to the young couple, they did their best to ignore them. But, Scale hated that look, it was the look of disappointment, a look given to you when someone wanted you to just disappear. Astrid noticed his discomfort.

"Don't let them get to you," she said, "they may not know it, but you're a better man than anyone here." Scale chuckled. Looking into his girlfriend's bright blue eyes, he knew she meant it. He smiled warmly behind the mask.

The sun was setting when they made it to Astrid's house. Most of Berk was inside and the vikings there for the Games were on their ships or in a guesthouse. Astrid's house was one of the nicer ones, one of the largest ones, actually. The only other house that was larger was Stoick's, but that's expected since he's the chief. Scale knocked on the door, but noticed Astrid wasn't beside him. She was standing a few feet back from the house, staring at it. It had been six months

since she'd been home. Scale was about to ask what was wrong, but the door slowly opened. Mrs. Hofferson stood on the other side.

Ever since she was shamed, she had been kicked out of the counsel. Phlegma had a look of sorrow, as if her hope had just vanished. But, that changed when she saw her daughter, staring at her with wide, blue eyes.

"Astrid?" She said, not quite believing it. Scale guessed she missed their return to Berk. Oh well, this is all the more surprising. Astrid slowly nodded her head, Scale never saw her like this, not for a long time. Before he knew it, he was shoved out of the way by Phlegma who ran to her daughter, enveloping her in a hug. Scale could have sworn he saw a tear escape his girlfriend's eye.

After a well deserved reunion between mother and daughter, Scale and Astrid entered the house to discuss living arraignments. Phlegma and Astrid sat on the couch together and Scale stood on the other side of the fire pit, facing them.

"So, you two are competing in the Games? That would explain all the commotion," Phlegma said. Scale and Astrid chuckled and told her what was going on the past few days.

"Hiccup, you don't have to wear that mask in here," Astrid said, "take it off." Scale looked at her with narrowed eyes behind the mask. With shaky hands, Scale slowly pulled off the mask, studying it in his hands. It seemed hard for him to let it go, he just stared at it, almost as if he was mesmerized. Astrid was getting more and more worried about him.

"Hiccup," she said. Astrid got a small grunt in return, Hiccup still staring at the mask. Phlegma had no clue what was going on, she just sat beside her daughter, watching the scene unfold.

"Hiccup, give me the mask," Astrid said holding out her hand. Hiccup turned to look at her. He eyed her hand, then the mask and then back to her hand. He seemed to be fighting himself to hand it over. Reluctantly, Hiccup walked around around the fire pit, and placed Scale's mask into Astrid's waiting hand.

"There, now was that so hard?" Astrid questioned. She didn't receive an answer. It was about this time that the door swung open to reveal none other then Gobber. The old blacksmith hobbled in wearing a big smile.

"Ah! Hiccup, quite the entrance just now," Gobber said. Hiccup smiled fondly at his old mentor. "How's the old metal leg working for ya?" Hiccup lifted his prosthetic to get a better look at it.

"It's actually holding up pretty well. I didn't even have to make any tweaks," Hiccup said. Gobber gave a heartily laugh. Hiccup never realized how much he had missed it.

"And how's me Changewing?" Gobber asked. It had been six month since he last saw him.

"Oh, he's doing great. Commander of my special forces," Hiccup said. Gobber was taking back a bit.

"So, you really do have an army?" He asked. Hiccup chuckled.

"Yes. And, that's not all. I can even speak to them," Hiccup said, grinning like an idiot. Gobber turned to Astrid for clarification, she nodded.

"Ah, well. That's... Uh... interesting," Gobber said, not fully believing it. Hiccup and Astrid laughed at the dumbfounded viking. Gobber scowled, but didn't really mind. He sat in a chair at the table which was beside the living room.

"So, Mrs. Hofferson, can I camp out here? I just need a couch, that's it," Scales said. Phlegma shook her head.

"Hiccup," she began, "you can stay here, but you're not sleeping on the couch. We have a spare room in the back." Hiccup smiled.

"You're too good to me," he said.

"Yes, I am. but, you took good care of Astrid," Astrid rolled her eyes, "so you will be treated right."

"Even if a train dragons?"

"Gobber went on and on about his Changewing. If what half of what he says is true, then I see no reason to hate you for not killing dragons," Phlegma said. It was getting late, so Gobber said that it was great to see Hiccup again, but that he had to leave to do some preparations before the Games. Hiccup and Astrid and Phlegma bid their farewells, before Phlegma got Hiccup situated into the guestroom.

{The Next Day}

Today couldn't have been a better day for the Games to begin, the sun was just making itself known, rising above the vast ocean. There would be several days filled with fighting, shooting arrows, and more fighting, what more could a viking want?

Today's event would be the introduction to the Games. Each clan would have their competitors introduced by the chief of the hosting clan. Each island could have 1 to 10 vikings. Everyone crowded around Berk's dragon arena, which hadn't had any dragons since a certain blacksmith let them free, months ago.

Since Berk was hosting, it would be Stoick who would introduce the competitors. With a booming voice, Stoick pronounced the games to be officially open. The competitors began to fill the arena, the leader of each group carrying a flag with their clans crest. There was a steady round of an applause for each team, even for Scale and Astrid, although, most of the cheering for them was done by clans other than Berk.

This day in the competition would be mostly to introduce the teams. Then, there would be an intermission for the teams to talk strategy, after that, the first round of fighting would transpire. Today would also be elimination day. The two teams with the least amount of wins would get to stay on Berk if they wanted, but could no longer compete. 15 teams were competing, the most the Games have ever had.

The introduction of the clans and their teams finished in a few minutes and the teams were now huddled together, discussing their plan of attack.

It was early in the evening, the sky having but a few clouds. The Great Hall was filled to the brim again. Every team was there eating together. Astrid spotted her old friends at their normal table. Everyone but Fishlegs would be competing. She longed to see them again. Scale seemed to have noticed.

"You want to go over there?" He asked, gesturing to the table where the teens were. Astrid looked at him, unsure of what to do.

"I don't know, it's been a long time," she said. "I mean, would you be comfortable sitting at a table with people who treated you like dirt?" Scale shrugged. He didn't really mind, he was going to beat those cocky grins off their faces during the games anyway.

"Astrid, it's fine. You go on, I'm going to find us some food," Scale said.

"Well, alright. I'll meet you over there, I guess." Astrid gave Hiccup a sad look. Scale was fine, he didn't know why she thought it was so hard for him to go and talk to his former bullies. It's not like he was Hiccup... Wait...

Astrid headed toward the teens table while Scale disappeared into the ocean of vikings to find something to eat. He hadn't had a morsel of food since early that morning.

Astrid was spotted by the teens and was actually waved over. She hadn't seen them in months and had been living with a traitor, but they still thought of her as their friend. She smiled and happily accepted their invitation. She sat beside the twins, Snoutlout and Fishlegs facing them. Snotlout sported a bandage on his broken nose from the day prior.

"Hey, Astrid," Fishlegs said, "long-time-no-see." Astrid laughed.

"Yeah, it's been a while. Whats new on Berk?"

"Not much. Ever since that traitor left the dragons had stopped raiding," Snotlout said. Astrid scowled. Hiccup may have betrayed Berk, but it was their fault for not treating him with any respect.

"Well, Snotlout," she spat his name. Out of all the people on Berk, she missed Snotlout least of all. "That traitor just single handily stopped the raids. No more death trying to fight off the dragons. I'll tell him that you said 'thanks'." Snotlout rolled his eyes.

"That doesn't change the fact that he sided with the enemy," he said.

"The only reason he left was because the dragons treated him more like family then his own clan did. We're responsible for pushing Hiccup away."

"We are?" Fishlegs said in a sad tone. Astrid might be able to give Fishlegs the benefit of the doubt. He was the least mean to Hiccup. But, still Astrid nodded to her old friends question.

"Hey," Ruffnut spoke for the first time since Astrid sat down, "Where is Hiccup, anyway?"

"Yeah," Snotlout said, "I've been meaning to repay the broken nose. And, is that loser really your boyfriend?" Snotlout said that last part in disgust.

"First, Snotlout, Hiccup is far from being a '_loser_', second, yes, we've been dating for a couple of months now." It was all Snotlout could do not to punch something. "And, he went to get me and him something to eat, to answer your question Ruff." Tuffnut was quieter then normal, he had thought that Hiccup was Scale, but now he wasn't sure.

"O.k, wait a minute," he said, "are Hiccup and Scale the same person or not, because I'm completely confused." _There was Tuffnut's brilliant mind at_ _work,_ Astrid thought.

"Yes, Tuff, Hiccup and Scale are the same person. But, if I were you..."

"But, you're not," Tuff said. "Right?" Astrid groaned.

"If you know whats good for you, y..."

"But, we don't," Ruffnut said. Astrid sighed.

"You guys have to call him Scale. Alright?" There were small nods of heads saying that they understood.

"Oooohhhh," Tuffnut said, "bad-ass alert." Tuffnut pointed to a figure, wearing a mask, walking towards them. He was carrying two bowls filled with good-ole Berkian slop. Scale handed one bowl to Astrid, before sitting down beside his cousin. Snotlout groaned with displeasure at where Scale decided to sit.

"Hey there, Snoty, how's the nose holding up," Scale asked.

"shut-up, worthless," Snotlout said, not making eye contact. Scale laughed at his cousin and went back to his soup. He had to take the mask off to eat, but didn't mind too much. Scale was more worried about being hungry during a fight then letting them see his face.

"Hey," Fishlegs said, "where are those... Uh... Your body guards?" Scale chuckled at his friends nervousness.

"They're somewhere... Watching," Scale said, looking around the Great Hall. Fishlegs sunk down into his seat more, also looking around. "I'm just messing with ya, Fish. They won't hurt you less you try something to hurt me. And, they're on the rafters above you." Fishlegs head shot up and, sure enough, the Walkers and Toothless were perched on the rafters, watching. Hade gave a wave and got a very scared wave in return from Fishlegs. The group fell into silence

to eat and to cautiously glance up at the Walkers.

"So, you're really king of the dragons?" Tuffnut asked, Scale nodded his head.

"Wow!" Fishlegs said. "That's so cool. I bet you know a ton about them. Think you could tell me about it sometime?"

"Yeah, I don't see why not. Maybe once the Games have finished," Scale said. Fishlegs giggled and got some weird looks, but didn't seem to mind them.

"So, Scale, what makes you think you can beat me?" Snotlout said, "I mean, even your punch yesterday was lame." Astrid rolled her eyes. Snotlout never learned.

"Well, Gothi said your nose was all shattered. Like, punched into powder. You're lucky you even have a nose," Fishlegs said. Ruffnut and Tuffnut shared looks at each other, grinning.

"Wow, you got one heck of a punch!" Tuff exclaimed.

"Yeah, way better than my brother's." Ruff said. Tuffnut didn't seem to mind, he probably didn't even know he'd been insulted.

"Yeah, Scale, man, you have to hit me," Tuff said. Scale shook his head.

"Trust me, I'll have plenty of time to hit you guys in the first event. Just, be patient," Scale chuckled, no matter how bad the twins had treated him when he lived on Berk, it was just too hard to stay mad at them.

A loud horn was blown from the middle of the Great Hall. Stoick the Vast stood tall and proud, all eyes glued on him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, vikings of all ages, I would like to thank you all for sailing to Berk for the Games," Stoick said with a booming voice that reverberated off the walls of the Hall. An applause sounded and Stoick waited until it died down.

"We have the most competitors ever here today. There is no doubt in my mind that this year's Games will be the best we've ever had," He pumped his fist in the air, followed suit by most of the vikings in the crowd. All cheering. "Now! Let us go to the dragon arena and let the first event begin!" A huge applause sounded. Vikings were screaming. It took a whole twenty minutes for the crowd to exit the Great Hall. The Games were about to begin.

* * *

><p>I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. Next time we'll get to see some actually fighting :D I have some great news, if you noticed the lack of grammar errors then you should thank NightshadeFromSweden and mycove, my new beta readers!_

**mycove is also starting her first fanfic! It's called** *****The Night With no Tomorrow,**"***** Here's the summary:**

“ I disobeyed” and there was a few injuries ” Alvin's words kept ringing in Hiccup's head. What did he really mean? Who was hurt? What kind of injuries? And, surely this word meant no one got killed” right?

8. Chapter 8

“Welcome to the next chapter. I want to say sorry for taking a little bit longer to post this chapter. You can all thank school :O. Anyway, I do think updates will take a little bit longer now since school is getting more intense. ”

“I hope you enjoy.”

* * *

<p>Chapter 8

On the way to the arena, Scale saw a little terror on one of the rooftops, completely unnoticed by the vikings. He made his way out of the wave of vikings and called the little terror down.

"You're t-the king!" The Terror exclaimed happily. Scale nodded his head, smiling behind the mask.

"Listen little guy, I need you to carry a message to Snowball and the other dragons back on our home, O.K?" Scale said. The Terror nodded enthusiastically, happy to help his king. Scale told him the message and the Terror flapped it's small wings as hard as he could and, before long, was on it's way to Dragon island.

The vikings crammed together outside of Berks dragon killing arena. The noise emitting from the crowd was defining. Scale forgot just how barbaric vikings could be. No matter, soon they would all be chanting his name.

The sun was starting it's decent, slowly working it's way behind Raven peak. Everything was illuminated in light pink. It would be a beautiful scene, if you weren't crammed between hundreds of large, sweaty vikings.

The competitors entered the arena, awaiting for Stoick to say who would be battling first. Stoick held his hands high, trying to calm everyone down.

"Vikings!" He shouted, trying to gain their attention. No use. Stoick's booming voice was drowned out by the shier volume of the ecstatic viking. The only thing that would be louder was a erupting volcano. Toothless, perched above the arena, gave a howling shriek, completely silencing the crowd. Scale smirked underneath the mask.

"Your welcome," he yelled up to the chief. Stoick scowled at the boy, he didn't like to be helped by a traitor.

"Vikings!" Stoick began. "Thank you for coming to Berk to compete in the Viking Games! By the looks of our young warriors competing, we are in for one hell of a show!" The vikings erupted in screams and yells of approval. Scale really hope the Games went off without a

hitch, if anything went wrong to upset these guys there could be a very dangerous mob roaming through Berks streets.

"Our first competitors will be the Berkians vs. the Meatheads," Stoick continued. The Meatheads had five more players than Berk, so they chose three of their best fighters to go against Berks; Snotlout, Ruffnut and Tuffnut.

Everyone, except the competitors, exited the arena. You were allowed to chose whatever weapon you wished; the twin chose the double headed spear and Snotlout chose a war hammer. The six squared up on their opponents and waited for the chief to give the signal.

"BEGIN!" Stoick yelled. The young worriers sprinted at their opponent, screaming their battle cries.

{On Hiccup}

Hiccup watched as Berk went toe to toe with the Meatheads. The battle interested him very little. Stoick was seated with the other chiefs, he belonged up there and not stuck in-between these barbaric vikings. Slipping away from Astrid, Hiccup made his way around the arena where the chiefs' were, sitting in their fancy chairs thinking they're better then everyone else. Hiccup hated it. What made those guys so much better than him? He was king of the bloody dragons, but did they acknowledge his accomplishment? No! They threw him with all the peasants.

He arrived behind the chieftains' unnoticed.

"Stoick," he said, making his way over to the side of his chair. Stoick looked over at him with an 'oh-great' expression.

"What do you want, boy?" Stoick said, irritation was evident in his thick Scottish accent.

"Oh, nothing really," Scale began. "I was just wondering where I was supposed to sit. Seeing as this is where the leaders are." Stoick turned his attention back to the Games. He didn't answer.

"I don't like to be ignored, Stoick," Scale said through clenched teeth. He was doing his best to stay calm, but this man was so stubborn! Stoick still didn't answer, but just shot a glance his way. "Is this anyway to treat the king of dragons?"

"That is exactly why I'm treating you like this," Stoick said. Scale shook his head, Stoick couldn't see it, but Scale was getting angry at the mans arrogance. Scale stood in-front of Stoick and took off his mask, holding it up so the man could see it.

"You see this? This is Scale. Hiccup is dead, your son is dead!" That made Stoick wince a bit. "I am king over all the dragons in the archipelago, Stoick. Dragons populate every island we know, and I control them. It would be wise to at least try to get along with the single most dangerous man in the archipelago." Scale put the mask back on and pointed to the Toothless, still perched above the arena and eying their conversation intently.

"That dragon has stuck with me through thick and thin. He's been there for me when I needed him. He's more family then you ever was...

Or will be. I'm willing to start from the beginning and call you my friend, but you have to make the first move." Stoick and Scale stared at each other, neither moving a muscle.

"Swallow your pride, Stoick. It'll be the death of you if you don't." Scale left the chiefs to their business and went to find Astrid.

The fight between Berk and the Meatheads was over, Berks' worriers came out on top. _Great_, Scale thought, _now I get to hear about Snotlout gloat about his victory all day._ Next up would be Scale and Astrid vs. Dagur and whatever warrior he choose to fight along with.

Stoick studied Scale from atop his seat. How dangerous could this boy be? He gave the signal and the battle began.

Astrid charged Dagur's partner while Dagur charged Scale, who was unmoving. Scale had his hand on the hilt of his sword, waiting. Dagur had his strange battle ax in his right hand, raised and ready to strike. He brought the weapon down on Scale full force. He dogged it, ducking and side stepping away to the left. Scale brought his metal foot up to Dagur's back and gave a strong push. The momentum Dagur created with his attack and the push given to him by Scale sent him strait in the stone wall headfirst. The sound it generated was loud and clear.

Dagur slowly got up, holding his head with his left hand. Some blood was seeping through the rim of his helmet.

"Huh, I kinda thought you'd last longer then that, Dagur," Scale said, unsheathing his sword and lunged at his opponent. Dagur was still a good fighter and brought his weapon up to meet Scale's. He deflected Scale's blow and sent a quick kick to his stomach sending him backwards.

The two regained themselves. Dagur charged again, but wouldn't be so easy to take down this time. He brought his ax down on Scale again, but it was deflected. Scale tried to sweep Dagur's leg, but was unsuccessful. Scale quickly spun around, standing up again, he slashed at Dagur's head with his sword. Dagur ducked just in-time to keep his head.

Dagur gave a quick punch at Scale stomach, sending him backwards. He grabbed some small daggers off of his belt and threw them at Scale. Each knife was batted down by Scales homemade sword. The last knife was caught and was hurled back at Dagur. He dove out of the way just in-time.

Scale saw Astrid battling her opponent in his peripheral vision. She was backing him up towards him. Scale didn't dare take his eye off Dagur, but if Astrid got him just a little bit closer, maybe they could kill two birds with one stone.

Dagur didn't give him a chance to think of a plan to do so, however. The deranged kid gave a battlecry and charged at Scale. Swinging his weapon in a blind frenzy. He was not going to be beaten by Scale! Scale blocked each shot, but was being backed up into the wall in the process. Scale need to get Dagur off him or he was not going to come out of this battle without gloating rights. On a high blow from Dagur, Scale saw his chance. Scale ducked the blow and sheathed his

sword in one motion. He grabbed Dagur's right forearm and used his other arm to grab him under the armpit. With all his might, Scale flipped Dagur over his head, slamming his back into the stone wall.

Scale tried to grab his sword so he could pin the man down, but Dagur pulled a cheap shot. He sent a quick punch to Scale's metal leg. Pain shot through Scale's whole body. He fell to the ground, shearing pain filled his body. Scale did his best to crawl away from Dagur, but he had regained himself.

"HAHA, what are you gonna do, useless?" Dagur said. Those were not the words you should ever use to describe Scale. Dagur bent over to pin Scale against the ground with his ax, declaring victory for his tribe, but Scale grabbed his sword's handle. With one powerful swing, Scale unsheathed his sword and slashed Dagur across his face. Dagur screamed in pain, stumbling backwards. Scale got up and spun his sword in a circle for show. He began walking slowly, menacingly, toward Dagur. Dagur regained himself, gripping his weapon so tight his knuckles became white. The two charged one-another, each releasing their battle cries.

What followed next was a flurry of attacks on both sides. Neither of them could get the upper hand, but Dagur was bigger and stronger, so he started to wear Scale down. All it took was slip up from Scale to earn an impressive slice across his chest. He was sent to the ground, landing on his back. Astrid was too busy with her opponent to notice Scale's struggles.

Dagur stood back a bit, watching Scale clutch his chest. Stoick shook his head in disappointment.

"Huh, I kinda thought you'd last longer than that, Scale," Dagur said, copying Scale's last remark. But, Scale did something that surprised everyone. He started to laugh. Scale jumped back onto his feet, his shirt torn in the front. Scale's laugh grew into a cackle.

He charged Dagur and with all his might, swung his sword in an upward slash. The blow was deflected, but Dagur's weapon was thrown from his grasp. Scale discarded his weapon at once and lunged at Dagur. The two fell to the ground, Scale on top. Dagur did his best to try and stop the onslaught of attacks that were directed at his head, but Scale would not be deterred. Blow after blow Dagur suffered, until he finally called quits, but Scale continued the onslaught, screaming insanely all the while.

Astrid had downed her opponent and saw what Hiccup was doing.

"Hiccup! Stop it you've won!" She yelled, Scale didn't stop. Astrid's eyes widened in horror. "Scale! Get off of him... NOW!" Scale stopped his beating of Dagur and looked at his surroundings. Everywhere he looked, disappointed looks were given to him. Scale got up off of the now barely moving Dagur.

"Scale!" Stoick said, gaining his attention. "What is the meaning of this? You senselessly beat Dagur. You are hereby banned from the Games, along with your party." Scale couldn't believe it. He had done what everyone had always wanted him to be, a senseless brute. And

now, they were kicking him out because of just that?

"Your kicking me out, just because I acted like you vikings?" Scale laughed. "I finally did something that I thought would make you proud, but no, there's no pleasing you," Scale shook his head. "What's it going to take to get you to appreciate me?" He screamed. Stoick stood and slammed his hammer on the arenas metal bars that made up the roof. Toothless growled in disapproval.

"How can I be proud of... This?" Stoick said, gesturing to all of Scale. That did it, Scale was utterly pissed.

"You brought this on yourself, Stoick!" Scale said. He shoved passed the healers that were trying to revive Dagur, grabbed his sword, and walked out of the arena. Astrid knew what he was planning and it wasn't good.

Scale shoved his way through vikings surrounding the arena, all the while muttering to himself darkly. Everywhere he went the vikings looked down on him. Little did they know, all of Hiccup's hurt feelings were bubbling to the surface, fulling Scale's hatred for the people who looked down on him. Oh, they were going to pay, one way or the other they were going to pay.

Scale gave a soft croon and hoped for one in return, he got it. If they wouldn't accept him as a friend, an equal, then maybe they would accept him as an enemy.

He was mostly left alone, no one was following him, huh, soon they would be begging him to spare their pathetic lives. Scale could hear something, someone was calling his name. He didn't stop, he knew exactly what he was doing, and if anyone had a problem with that, well, they should have treated him with more respect when they had the chance.

Toothless was with him, his ever loyal friend.

"_What are you doing, Hiccup?_" He questioned. Scale shook his head.

"Right now, I'm going to show them all what the king of dragons can really do," Scale said. Toothless didn't like the sound of that.

"_And what, exactly, can the king of dragons do? I hope you don't mean war,_" Scale chuckled.

"It is clear that they only appreciate men in power. Wait till they see how much power I have."

"_O.K, how much of this 'power' are you bringing?_"

"Snowball and a few of my sharpshooters," Toothless stepped in-front of Scale, blocking his path.

"_You're bringing SNOWBALL? What on earth are you thinking? I hope she's just for show,_" Toothless said. Scale laughed at his friend.

"Just for show, HA! You're funny Toothless," Scale said. "Why do seem

so against this, bud, I thought you and I were a team, you know, I thought we got each others back." Toothless gave what Scale called a 'dragon sigh'.

"_I'm going to stick with you no matter what. I just don't think this is the best way to handle this situation,_" Toothless shook his head. "_You need to get a hold on Scale, Hiccup. He's going to make life miserable for everyone._" Scale scoffed and shoved his way past Toothless.

"Trust me, bud, they won't want to mess the Scale. Once they see that, they'll treat me as an equal."

"_Yeah, maybe. Do you really want people to like you, out of fear?_"

"If that's what it takes, then yes."

{With Astrid}

Astrid ran as fast as she could towards the chiefs. She finally found them speaking amongst themselves at the rear end of the arena. Gobber noticed her coming. Gobber wasn't a chief, but he was Stoick's best friend, so he got away with discussing matters with them. Gobber motioned Stoick to turn around.

"What is it, Hofferson," Stoick questioned. "I thought you were going to bring Hiccup back once you found him."

"I couldn't if I wanted to, sir. Hiccup wasn't lying about being king of the dragons. He as an army big enough to take on the whole archipelago," Astrid said, trying to catch her breath. Stoick and the others (save Gobber) gave a hearty laugh.

"That little pip-squeak?" Questioned the Meathead chief. "Who on earth would follow him?" Astrid groaned. Why would no one believe her? Is this how Hiccup always felt?

"Listen, please, you guys need to make things right with Hiccup or you'll regret it forever. Stoick, if you love your son at all you'll come with me." Stoick still loved Hiccup and if what this Hofferson girl said is true, then he had better get a move on. He told the others to follow and they set off for the middle of town.

People noticed the chiefs leaving and soon everyone on Berk was heading toward the village. They arrived in the middle of town to find the Walkers, Toothless and Scale. They seemed to be having some kind of argument. Scale was constantly kicking the ground with his prosthetic, all the while making some weird crooning noises.

"Hiccup!" Stoick yelled. "You better have a good reason for me coming down here." Scale gave a cackle of a laugh. Stoick and Scale faced off a few feet from each other, Astrid going to stand behind Hiccup.

"Trust me, Stoick, once you see this... Oh man... Just wait," Scale said. He then turned his attention to the crowd. And with a loud voice he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you a very good friend of mine... SNOWBALL!" He stretched the 'O'. Some of the

crowd snickered at the name, but were all silenced by a rumble in the earth. They turned to Scale, looking for an answer, all they got was a laugh.

Out of the ground behind Scale blasted forth a Screaming Death, destroying several houses in the process. The crowd screamed in horror, Scale only laughed harder.

"Let me introduce to you... SNOWBALL!"

* * *

><p>Well, what do you guys think of this chapy? I know it was a longer wait, but school comes first, unfortunately.
**

Thanks to my beta readers, mycove and NightshadeFromSweden. This story wouldn't have been as good if it wasn't for them.

_I also changed the description for the story so it fit a little better. I kinda veered off from my original idea. _

9. Chapter 9

**Welcome to chapter 9 in 'The Legend of Scale'**

**I have to say you guys almost killed me with the amount of reviews I got on that last chapter! I think I got around 14 reviews! That's insane! You guys are awesome!**

**Someone told me I was making Hiccup a little OC. Yes, that is true, Scale is a part of Hiccup and Scale is my OC. If you haven't been able to tell, Hiccup is going to lose himself. Don't worry though, I don't have the heart to completely screw him.**

**I think that same person said I should give him an OC girlfriend, not Astrid. Sorry, but I only ship them.**

**I hope that this chapter pleases you guys as much as the last one, enjoy! **

* * *

><p>Chapter 9_

All of Berk was at a standstill. No one moved a muscle for fear of being blasted by the giant white dragon sitting behind Scale. The king just watched his captives, silence haunted the island, no one dared to speak out against Scale for fear of being roasted on the spot. Astrid came up from behind Scale and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Don't do this," she said, barely above a whisper. Scale paid no attention to her, but noticed some vikings were slowly reaching for their weapons. He gave a dragon call. Several Nadders jumped out of hiding, landing on the rooftops of Berks huts. The Nadders got their tail spikes at the ready.

"Listen up!" Scale said, walking forward with bravado. "I do not play

games. If any of you so much as look at a weapon, then you'll find a Nadder spine in your heart." The vikings stared at Scale with fear and hatred, but moved their hands away from their weapons. Snotlout shoved his way to the front of the crowd.

"Ha, this is all just for show. You can't really..." Scale gave the order to one of his sharpshooters. A Nadder spine pierced Snotlout's foot pinning him where he stand. He gave a cry of pain and tried to yank the spine out. It was no use. He stand there in agony, a small pool of blood was beginning to surround his wound. No one helped him, they just stared in shock. Scale moaned in annoyance, these people were pathetic. He walked up to his cousin, grabbed the spine and, with one pull, he yanked the spine out of Snotlout's foot. Snotlout fell to the ground, clutching his foot in pain, whimpering.

Scale shook his head at Snotlout's arrogance, the kid never learned. Stoick had enough. He now knew just how dangerous Scale could be and it was his fault for turning Hiccup into this... This... Monster. He had to save him. But, first he had probably get him to call off the dragons.

"Hiccup," he began, but Scale did something odd. When Stoick spoke it seemed that Scale was shocked by lightning. His whole body went ridged, but relaxed moments later. Scale put his hand to his throbbing temple. Stoick didn't continue, for fear of hurting Hiccup. Astrid walked up to Scale again, and with a soft voice spoke.

"Hiccup?" Again, Scale showed sings of discomfort. He groaned in pain and covered his ears with his arms. Scale shook his head side to side, as if trying to get something off (or out) his head.

"Do not speak that name ever again," he hissed, shoving her back a few inches. Astrid stepped back in hurt and shock. Hiccup couldn't be gone... He couldn't! Toothless and the Walkers were getting exceedingly worried for their friend. Hiccup was slipping away and the demon was taking over. Soon, there would be nothing left of Hiccup. Astrid couldn't let that happen. She grabbed Scale by the shoulders.

"Hiccup!" Scale tried to get away, but Astrid held him in place. "Hiccup listen to me, don't do this! Please! You have to listen to me, Hiccup! Where are you Hiccup!? HICCUP!" Scale screamed in displeasure and annoyance. He grabbed Astrid by the collar of her shirt and forced her to the ground, she landed on her back. Stormfly approached them, king or no king, no one hurt Astrid! But the dragon stopped. Scale wasn't hurting her.

Scale loomed over Astrid, his eyes were wide with shock and regret. Astrid stared up at him, not believing that Hiccup had just thrown her to the ground. Scale backed up slowly, looking around at the vikings. What was he doing!? Scale threw Astrid to the ground and shot Snotlout! He put his hands on his head again with clenched eyes, it was as if he was trying to block something out.

"Nooo... No, stop it... Leave... Me... ALONE!" He screamed to no one. Scale turned to his dragon army and told them all to leave, to go back to Dragon Island. Scale turned to Stoick.

"Set up your defenses... And hope," he then turned back to Astrid,

who still lay on the ground. With tears in his eyes he said, "I'm so... I'm so sorry." Scale jumped on Toothless and within seconds they were out of site, the Walkers close behind.

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It took a moment for the shock to wear off. No one could come to terms with what just happened. No viking had ever seen a Screaming Death and the one they did see obeyed Scale.

Snotlout still clutch his foot in pain and Astrid just sit in the dirt, looking in the direction where Hiccup had flown away. She feared the worst. She feared that Hiccup had but no control over Scale. If Scale took control, then he would most likely kill everyone, or enslave them. That wasn't what she was thinking about though, the only thing on her mind was her Hiccup. She had to get him back.

"Everyone! To the Great Hall! We have much to discuss," Stoick said. One by one, the people on Berk turned to follow Stoick to the Hall. It was filled to the brim just like it was earlier that day, only now there was no merry making, no laughter, only confusion and fear.

The chiefs (except Dagur, who was being treated at Gothi's house) sat at their places in the middle of the Hall. All was quiet. Nobody knew how to start the conversation, all though they all knew what this meeting was about. It was about war, not just one tribe verses another, but all the tribes verses a super power and it's ruthless king, Scale. It was Stoick who spoke up first, but his voice was not it's usual tone, it was softer than normal.

"We need to... Uh... We should heed Scale's warning and set up some kind of defense," Stoick looked around the table of chiefs for any objection... There wasn't one. "I don't think it would be wise for the guest tribes to sail back to their home islands. You would be too vulnerable and could be picked off by Scale rather easily." Alvin stood to give his opinion.

"I don't think so, Stoick. That boy is mad at you and Berk. Leave us other tribes out of this," he said.

"He won't leave you alone," Astrid spoke up. She looked depressed. Just like she did when Hiccup ran away all, but six months ago. Everyone eyed her with an eyebrow raised. "Scale hates everyone. He knows how everyone here thought of him, now he's going to make us pay... All of us." The Hall erupted into a frenzy of questions, all concentrated on something different. It took all the chiefs together to calm down the hysteric vikings.

The chiefs looked among themselves, each hoping the other would have the answer. They were desperate, they had no clue what Scale would... Do... WAIT! Stoick shot his glance to Astrid. She was their only hope in stopping this mad psychopath from killing them all.

"Astrid," Stoick said, "is there any information you can give us that would shed some light on his weakness?" That was a funny question. If you asked someone that six months ago, they would have given you ten

reasons without even thinking. Astrid just nodded her head and Stoick motioned her to come forth and speak to the crowd.

All eyes were on her and she really didn't like it all that much, especially when they wanted her to tell them how to kill her boyfriend. She shook her head to get the thought out, Hiccup would be O.K after this was all over... Wouldn't he?

"I can honestly say that Scale doesn't have a weakness..." She was cut off by the screaming and raging vikings. Astrid just put more fear into their hearts than there already was. She just about drained all their hope when she told them that Scale didn't have a weakness. Astrid turned to Stoick, hoping he could calm them down. He understood and gave a mighty bellow saying, 'Stop.' Astrid gave a soft 'Thank you,' and then turned back to face the crowd.

"Scale has no weakness, but Hiccup is still in there somewhere. If we don't want to be wiped out then we have to find him. But, that also means going to Dragon Island, the belly of the beast." One of the vikings spoke up.

"Oh yeah? And how do you suppose we do that, Hofferson?" Astrid shook her head.

"I don't think it'll be wise to load up all the ships and head to Dragon Island. But, I think I could infiltrate the island. Hiccup is still in there, I know it, and I'm our only hope of finding him," Astrid said. The Meathead chief spoke up this time, voicing his own concern.

"What happens if Scale comes back? What I know of this situation is that Hiccup left six months ago. If Scale was supposedly 'dead' then, then what's stopping him from coming back?" Astrid turned around to face the man. She had an answer, but she wasn't thrilled with it because it involved leaving her mother again... For good.

"If I can get Hiccup back, then I can also get him to leave. Me and him will go find a place to live, far from Berk and the other islands," Astrid sighed, finishing her speech she climbed off the large table where the chiefs were seated.

"It's too risky, Astrid. I can't just send ya down there, for all we know Scale could just shoot you before you even have a chance to land," Stoick said.

"Well, for one; he won't shoot me, and two; what other choice do we have?" Astrid shot back. The chiefs looked among themselves. She was right, what other choice did they have. Stoick sighed.

"Whatever ya need, lass, we'll get for your trip," Stoick said.

"If this is going to be successful, then this trip should last forever," Astrid said. Stoick looked at the crowd of vikings. Some were from his tribe, others weren't. Only one thing was certain, Scale had to be stopped.

"Meeting adjourned. Astrid will go and, hopefully, talk some sense into Scale. If not... Well, we should start setting up our defenses... And hope," Stoick said, the crowd seemed reluctant to leave for some reason. It was as if they were hoping for some other

news to help reassure them that they'll make out of this unharmed. The sad reality was that the chiefs were hoping that some would make out of this alive.

"Alright, let's get a move on, shall we? We have to get ready for anything Scale throws at us," Alvin said. Stoick hated the man with all of his heart, but now, the two chiefs would have to put aside their differences for the greater-good.

Darkness was descending on Berk quickly, but the village had no time for that. Torches on every house were lit, the giant ones that were used to see the dragons in the air during an attack were also in use. Stoick walked through the village, making sure everyone was working and making sure that they were doing it right, if that Hofferson girl couldn't change Scale's mind, they were in the fight for their lives.

Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, and Fishlegs were with Astrid and Phlegma, helping her pack. They worked in silence, there wasn't much to say. They worked as if they were zombies, putting things in packs like it was their only purpose in life.

"Hey, Astrid?" Snotlout spoke up, Astrid didn't stop with her packing, but was listening. She assumed it would be some sleazy pickup line, but was utterly surprised with what he had to say.

"Uh, when you see Scale, tell him I'm sorry." That made everybody stop to look at Snotlout. No one really believed him. Who would? He was by far the worst to Hiccup, every time the boy passed him Snotlout would say something mean. He tripped Hiccup into mud puddles for fun. One time, Snotlout tied Hiccup to a tree, no one found him for hours. Astrid shook her head in disbelief.

"I don't think he would believe me. You were horrible to him... Your own cousin!" Astrid said. "We all were, and now we have to pay the price." The group went back to packing in a silence so thick you could feel it. Snotlout couldn't stop thinking about what he had done to Hiccup over the years. Hiccup was a better man than any of them, it only took the threatening of the killing of the whole village and a Nadder spine through his foot (which was rapped in a bandage and still hurt like crazy) for him to see that. He sighed loudly.

"I'm going, too," he said. Phlegma looked over to her daughter. Her head was looking down at some extra clothing, eyes clenched tight.

"Snotlout," she began with a quiet voice, "Scale will kill you without a second thought. He thinks that we're all animals... And that you were the leader." Astrid turned to look at him in the eye. "Scale is nothing short of a monster that we all created. Maybe, in a couple years when he's calmed down and maybe when he's willing to forgive Berk, then you can apologize. But, right now, we just need to make sure that he doesn't wage were on the archipelago." She continued to pack her things.

"Well, can you at least tell him that, and I think I speak for everyone, that we're sorry?" Fishlegs spoke up. He had once been so excited to have Scale here, he was going to teach him so much about dragons, but now he wished Hiccup was still here and that dragons were still raiding.

"I guess I can tell him that, Fishlegs. He won't believe it, but I can tell him," Astrid said. Everything was packed, it was time to go.

Everyone exited the Hofferson household into the now star-filled night. It was beautiful. Most nights on Berk are cold, rainy and windy, but tonight seemed so peaceful. But, war was on the horizon, no one cared about how tonight looked for it could be their last.

Astrid climbed on top of her dragon, her mother and friends putting the last bags and satchels onto Stormfly, hooking them onto her saddle. They backed up, Astrid looking down at them. If all went right, then this would be their last time seeing her for, probably, years.

"I love you, Astrid," her mother said, teary eyed. "I'm so proud of you." Astrid gave a soft laugh, it wasn't really the time for laughing, but it was either that or crying and Astrid hardly ever cried.

"I love you too, mom," she choked out. "I'll be back... Someday." With that, Astrid gave Stormfly a soft kick with her heel, signaling her to take off. Soon, the two were out of sight, heading right towards Dragon Island... Heading right towards the belly of the beast. Everything was about to change.

* * *

><p>'EVERYTHING IS ABOUT TO CHANGE'_

**I hope this chapter exceeded (or at-least matched) your expectations.**

**This story wouldn't be as good if it weren't for my beta readers, so thank you mycove and NightshadeFromSweden**

**See you all on the next Chapter! **

10. Chapter 10

**The Legend of Scale**

**WAR**

It was early morning and Astrid still flew under the starry sky. There were a few wisps of clouds under the full moon. Astrid and Stormfly were flying as fast as they could to Dragon Island, both hoping they could get there in time to change Scale's mind about war. War would completely destroy the whole archipelago and every one in it.

Dragons Island came into view, the volcano popping out the top of Hellheims Gate. Astrid took a deep breath, this was it. She ordered her dragon into the fog that made it impossible for ships to navigate through.

Stormfly could feel her masters dread coming off of her in waves. She

understood what Astrid was going through and to head to the source off all the pain wasn't easy. Stormfly knew what they were doing was dangerous and stupid, but it was the only way to keep the peace.

The two friends landed on the loose rocks that made up most of Dragon Island's beach. The pebbles parted when Stormfly landed and Astrid jumped off. She looked around and, with it being hard to see due to the darkness, couldn't see much. The only thing she could tell was that there was no one around, it was completely silent. She didn't like that at all. She almost hopped back onto Stormfly to head back to Berk because she thought Scale had taken his army to attack them, and that she somehow missed him. She discarded that idea. There was no way Scale could have duped her like that, there was way to many dragons in his army for her not to notice. Jumping back on Stormfly, Astrid told her to head to their house in the wooded section of the island.

Stormfly landed just outside the front door. Astrid stared up at the house, it held a lot of good memories. Before Scale reared his ugly head again, her and Hiccup had a pretty good life. For six months they had lived here. Then, it suddenly hit her like an earthquake. This whole thing was her fault. She was the one who suggested them going back to Berk to compete in the Games. What had she done! This oncoming war was all her fault, why did she ever suggest going back there? It was the spot where Scale had been created, of course things would go wrong! Astrid groaned and rubbed her temple and entered the house. It didn't feel like home as it once did, but felt like some foreign country.

She was shocked when she saw what had happened to her home. It was trashed. The table was broken, chairs were flipped and thrown across the room. The kitchen was a wreck as well. Glass scattered the floor, some of the cabinet's doors were broken off and thrown to the ground, others had chunks of the wood broken off. All were either opened or broken off of their hinges. The wood that made up the walls and some of the floor had numerous scratches and chunks taken out of it. The scratches weren't normal ones, either, they were made by a human, not a dragon. Scale must have had a real tantrum, she hoped it was Hiccup trying to fight him. He wouldn't be able to do it alone, however, she would have to help.

Astrid gave out a small call into the house to see if anyone was home, the call seemed to hang in the air, never answered. Astrid judged whether it was worth checking out the rest of the house, since it seemed empty. The house had an eerie feeling to it, like it was haunted and Astrid's curiosity got the best of her and she took a few steps into the seemingly empty house. She put a hand up to her mouth, the house was a total disaster. Her and Hiccup, along with the dragons and Walkers, had put so much effort into it. Hiccup had designed it perfectly for them and for Toothless and Stormfly. It hurt to see the house they had created and lived in for so long to be all but destroyed.

Astrid went up to her room, but was surprised that it wasn't touched. Not a single thing was out of place. The bed was made, the mirror still sat at the opposite side of the room. Astrid walked over to her desk, she rubbed three fingers across the surface. Perfectly clean, not a single speck of dust. Astrid shook her head in disbelief, her room wasn't this clean when she left, not by a long shot.

She went back down to the first floor, there was a draft in the house which blew the curtain to Hiccup's room. Astrid slowly made her way over, almost nervous of what she would see. She pulled back the curtain slowly and poked her head in. The room was a disaster. It was like a dragon raid had taken place in the room, chairs were completely broken, the pillow Hiccup had used was torn to shreds. Hiccup's closet was completely demolished, bed snapped in two. He's workbench was still intact, but everything on it was gone, the papers were either ripped or were smudged. Astrid did notice something strange, though.

She made her way over to the workbench, studying what lie across the surface. Numerous papers were spread across the surface, all ruined. Except, for one. A picture of her was completely untouched and it laid on the top of all the other papers. Astrid picked up one of the books that sat on the far side of table. She scrolled through it, all the pictures were gone, ruined with ink. But, all the pictures of her were untouched. One picture made her stop. It was a picture of Hiccup, Astrid had convinced him to do a self portrait a long time ago. The picture was relatively fine, except for the added text.

Must die! Was written on the corner of the page, Hiccup's head was circled. Astrid slapped the book shut and took a deep breath. She had to find Hiccup, before it was to late. She turned to exit the room, but something caught her eye. Some of the wood on the walls were broken off, allowing some light through. A particular beam of light caught something shiny, it seemed to twinkle. The object was underneath the broken bed. Astrid crouched down into see what it was, she gasped when she picked it up to get a closer look. It was a diamond ring. Hiccup was going to... To... Astrid put a hand over her mouth, she had to get Hiccup back.

Astrid put the ring on. She studied it on her finger, she didn't know how to say it, but it felt... Right. A sudden noise and a terrified squawk made her stop. Stormfly! Astrid turned to run to her friend, but was stopped by a cloaked figure. Riker stepped into the room, sword in hand.

"Sorry, Astrid. Kings orders," he said. Astrid eyes widened. She quickly grabbed her ax, but Riker was quicker. With a swift kick of his foot, the ax was gone and out of Astrid's grasp. She clenched her fists, ready to fight.

"You're not going to stop me," she said. Riker didn't respond, he just walked closer.

"I'm sorry, Astrid." Riker swung his sword, Astrid ducked it just in time. Astrid doubled back, her fists clenched and her knees bent. She wasn't sure if she could defeat a Walker, but she was going to try. Riker was the leader of the Walkers, and he was also the most dangerous. Astrid charged, not wanting to fight, but just to try an get around the cloaked figure. Riker swung his sword, but Astrid slid on her knees, successfully ducking under the blow and getting around Riker.

Riker cursed under his breath. He really wasn't trying to hurt the girl, he just needed her to stay put. With a powerful beat of his wings, Riker blew over Astrid's head, blocking the only exit.

"I can not let you pass," he said, the sword pointed at a ready Astrid. "Don't make this harder then it needs to be. Surrender now and I can let you live." Astrid shook her head, her face full of concentration. She would not be deterred.

"I'm going to stop Scale! Just let me pass, I know you don't approve of the way he's acting," Astrid said. Riker did nothing.

"I am loyal to the king. I know what he is doing is wrong, we all tried to keep Scale under control, but we failed. It is what it is, Astrid." Astrid's face softened, but she quickly regained herself. "Just accept it. Scale would love to have you on his side. You are, after all..." Riker's attention shifted to her hand, the one with the ring. He sighed. "I can't let you pass." Astrid gave a battle and charged Riker. He sheathed his sword, if his opponent wouldn't use a weapon, then neither would he.

Astrid threw a fist at Riker's face, he dogged it to the left. Riker grabbed the arm Astrid had thrown at him and twisted it. Astrid gave a yelp at the sudden pain. She couldn't move with her arm like that, it would hurt to much. Astrid spun in towards Riker and gave him an elbow to the ribs. Riker gave grunt, releasing Astrid's arm. She quickly gave a spin kick aimed at Riker's side, but he was quicker. Riker grabbed Astrid's leg and continued with her momentum, swinging Astrid into the closed door, face first. Astrid fell onto her back, her nose bleeding. She was a good fighter, but was no match for Riker. Astrid lay on her back, staring up at Riker in a daze. Riker tied her hands together with a thin, but strong, rope. He carried her over his shoulder.

Astrid was slipping in and out of unconsciousness, she wasn't all that aware of her surroundings, other then she was being carried. That blow Riker had dealt did a number on her.

Riker exited the house to where Stormfly had been immobilized by the other Walkers. Her wings were tied together behind her back with chains, her feet, too, were clad together in chains. The dragon also had a metal muzzle. She wasn't harmed in any way, but was out cold on the ground thanks to a little scratch on her neck that downed even the toughest of dragon.

Hade, April and Amelia stood around the Nadder, looking at their leader carrying Astrid. All of the Walkers knew what they were doing was wrong, but they had to obey the king, it was their purpose in life. Amelia stepped forward.

"To the dungeon?" she asked, Riker took a moment, but nodded slowly... Solemnly.

"Yes, we'll have to run our findings by Scale, of course," he said. It was Hade who spoke up this time.

"I don't think we should tell him, we don't know what he'll do to them? Lets just put them in some chains and throw them in the dungeon." Riker shook his head and put Astrid onto the other shoulder, who was still drowsy and groaning every now and then.

"We have to tell him, I don't think he'll do anything to them. He'll probably just let them rot in her cell."

"Yeah, but, what if he doesn't. Scale has been unpredictable since he left Berk." Riker thought about that. Scale was becoming more insane by the minute, it wouldn't shock him if he tortured the poor girl and dragon. With a defeated sigh, Riker said they could put them in prison without notifying Scale. The Walkers got a large wagon to pull Stormfly on while Riker headed off towards the dungeon that was made, in secrete, in the volcano.

The next thing Astrid knew was that she in a small, hard place. When she finally came to her senses, Astrid saw that her ankle was in a metal chain that was hooked up to the wall. The walls of her cell were smooth, black stone that made up three of the four sides, the fourth side was made up of iron bars. On the other side of the bars sat Hade, making sure she didn't even think about leaving. Astrid tried to get up to walk over to the bars, but was stopped by the chains, they only stretched about six inches.

"Hade, you have to let me out! We have to stop Scale!" Astrid said. Hade just sat on his stool, his back against the rock wall. He shook his head in sorrow and defeat. His hood was pulled back to reveal his dark blue eyes and his small orange beard, he was bald. His face was drained of the happy-go-lucky guy he usually was.

"We failed," he said, "Scale was here all along. He somehow did all this without our knowing. He was never gone, only waiting." Astrid sat back against the wall. Scale was much smarter then they thought, he wasn't just some mindless brute who took over Hiccup's body. Hade continued, staring at the ground. "He's built this dungeon, this is just one cell, there are way more. He had spies on Berk as well... Still does. How did we not see this? We were with him the entire way, yet he still slipped away." Hade pinched the bridge of his nose and gave a long sigh. He looked up to Astrid, she was hugging her knees to her chest, looking at the ground. "I am sorry, lass. Riker and the other Walkers are sorry, too."

"Where's Stormfly?" Astrid said, she was deftly worried about her dragon, but she knew Hade and the others probably locked her up in another cell. Hade confirmed that theory. Astrid shook her head. "So, this it then? Scale is going to take over the archipelago." Hade nodded solemnly.

"That isn't the worse," Hade said. Astrid looked up at him, he was still staring at the ground. "Scale has plans to move and expand his army."

"What do you mean?" Hade rubbed his palm against his bald head.

"He's sent out recruits to see if there were any other dragon nests. The recruits came back to say there were, but I already knew that. I just didn't want any more power under Scale's belt, the kid's going to be unstoppable." Astrid didn't respond, she just let her mind drift to thoughts on it's own. Somewhere on Berk, her mother and sometimes Stormfly. That village had hundreds upon hundreds of vikings on it. Scale has them all cornered and can wipe them out with a snap of his finger.

Astrid's thought were interrupted by a slight noise. It was quiet, almost nonexistent at first, but gradually grew louder. Hade heard it, too, for the first time since Astrid regain full consciousness,

Hade turned his gaze to something other than the floor. Hade didn't seem to mind who was coming, so he just returned his gaze back to the ground. The sound grew louder and Hade said something in dragon, he received an answer. Astrid recognized the warble, it was Toothless.

Toothless came into view and sat beside Hade. The dragon's eyes seemed lost, like he wasn't there. Astrid found it amazing how much emotion dragons could show, especially Toothless. Toothless warbled something else to Hade and nodded his head in the direction he came. Hade looked up at the dragon, who was staring at him. Hade said something to Toothless in dragon only to receive another warble from the dragon. Now Astrid wished she had spent the time to learn dragonese. Hade seemed uncertain of something, but Toothless gave another odd sound, this one seemingly more intimidating than the last. Hade sighed, but left. On the way out, Toothless warbled something else at Hades back, Astrid didn't know what it was, but he said, 'don't tell Scale where I am.'

Toothless looked at Astrid, his eyes still seemed lost, almost as if he didn't know where he was. He laid down, putting his head on his paws, eyes staring at Astrid. Toothless warbled something in dragon.

"Oh I wish I knew what you are saying," Astrid said. Her and Toothless just continued to stare at each other neither breaking the silence. Astrid heaved a heavy and heart torn sigh. Sometimes she just wanted to brake down and cry; however, she swore off emotions a long ago, only breaking her vowel a few times in her entire life.

Astrid gaze fell on the ring. She took it off and turned it around in her hand, studying it. A wave of memories washed over her, good and bad, from the time when she was younger and Hiccup was still thought of as useless, to times when things were hard and she just felt like giving up, but she never did. Astrid slipped the ring back on... She never gave up. Her determination was what made her a Hofferson. She looked back at the black beast, who wasn't eying her, but the ring. Toothless seemed to grow sadder.

"You knew, didn't you, Toothless?" Astrid said. Toothless nodded and Astrid sighed. "I need to get out of here, Toothless. Hiccup is still in there somewhere, he's the only one who can defeat Scale." Toothless seemed to understand. Astrid knew he would, the dragon was smarter than most of the vikings in the archipelago. The dragon's head popped up and looked down the hall where Hade had exited, Astrid wondered if he heard someone coming. The dragon looked back her, but quickly shifted his gaze back down the hall. Toothless wasn't seeing if someone was coming, he was making sure that no one _was_ coming.

Toothless stood up on all fours, he started to make a weird sound that meant he was about to... Toothless barfed up some metal keys right outside the the iron bars. Astrid eyes widened, Toothless was going to help her get Hiccup back! The great beast slid the keys under the door, stopping right in front of Astrid. She grabbed the keys and gave them a good shake to get some of the dragon saliva off. She unhooked herself and the iron cage door. Toothless was up and ready to move. Astrid didn't waste any time in hugging the dragon's thick neck.

"Thank you, Toothless," She said. Toothless gave a soft croon. The dragon led Astrid down the stone wall in a trot. He kept looking this way and that, sniffing the air. There were many different tunnels, Astrid wasn't sure Toothless knew his way around. She couldn't believe it. Hiccup had kept something as big as this from even Toothless. Scale must have had a stronger hold on him than anyone thought.

Toothless suddenly took off down a tunnel, Astrid had to sprint to stick with him. Toothless suddenly darted down another tunnel. Torches were mounted on the walls, creating an eerie orange glow. Shadows danced on the walls like puppets as the two friends raced down the stone tunnels. Astrid wondered how deep they were, she knew that the Walkers had taken her to the volcano where the Red Death had once lived, but that was it.

Toothless darted down another hidden passage, almost losing Astrid in the process. Astrid was breathing heavily, they had been sprinting for a while now. But, Toothless suddenly stopped, he started to sniff the air, like he was searching for something. Astrid put her hands on her knees trying to catch her breath.

"You're lost, aren't you?" Astrid said. Toothless looked back at her, eyebrow raised as if to say, 'really?' The dragon pushed away a hidden rock that blended in perfectly with the rest of the wall. He entered with Astrid behind him, glad that she didn't have to run. What she saw next broke her heart.

Stormfly was chained up with more metal than scales on her body. Her wings were tied together by three different sets of chains, they were pulled painfully behind her back. Her mouth was clasped shut, chains rapped both jaws together, tightly. Stormfly's tail had a full metal sheet around it to keep her from using her tail spikes. The poor beast lay on her side, eyes closed. Astrid and Toothless crept closer to the dragon behind the giant iron bars.

Toothless nodded his head toward the cage. Astrid didn't get it at first, but then looked in her hand... The keys. Astrid looked back at Toothless, she smiled and nodded. Astrid unlocked the iron cage, Stormfly finally opened her eyes. She gave an odd gurgle noise, it was muffled due to the chains around her jaws.

Astrid quickly undid all the chains on her friend, each one falling to the ground with a clatter. The last one came off and Stormfly wasted no time in giving Astrid a nice wet lick all the way up her body. Astrid stepped back in disgust.

"You know, I would usually be mad about this," Astrid said to her dragon, who just tilted her head. "But I guess this is the exception," Astrid laughed when Stormfly nudged against her. Toothless warbled something to Stormfly and the two took off, back down the tunnels. Astrid groaned and started to run after them.

They came to the end of the tunnel that led back out into the woods where Hiccup and Astrid's old house was built.

"_OK, listen, you need and Astrid need to leave. Scale is about to launch his entire fleet," _Toothless told Stormfly. Stormfly bowed her head, Astrid climbed on.

"_Alright, we'll go warn Berk,_" Stormfly said, Toothless shook his head and blocked Stormfly's path so she couldn't leave.

"_No! You two need to find a place far from Berk, probably outside the archipelago_, " Toothless said.

"_What! We can't just leave them..."_

"_Berk doesn't stand a chance, if you guys want a chance to live then you have to leave._" Toothless said. Stormfly gave an undignified squawk. Toothless shook his head in frustration, but his ears quickly caught another sound. Toothless's head shot up and towards the tunnel.

"_The prisoners are escaping!_" Toothless suddenly yelled back into the tunnel. A skrill appeared around the tunnel a second later. Toothless grabbed Stormfly's tail, his teeth retracted. Stormfly gave a squawk in alarm, Astrid had to hang on so she wouldn't fall off at her dragons sudden movements. The skrill yelled something and began to run to help the nightfury (the tunnel was too small to fly). Stormfly thrashed her tail, successfully getting her tail out of Toothless mouth. The nightfury was tossed aside, but quickly got up. He fired two plasma blasts at the retreating Nadder, both missed.

"_What happened, sir?_" The skrill asked Toothless as he was returning to the tunnel. Toothless ignored him and just kept walking. "_I thought nightfurys' don't miss._" Toothless looked at the skrill over his shoulder.

"_No ones perfect,_" he said.

* * *

><p>Scale stood on a metal platform that was built on the top of the volcano. He watched the dragons as they prepared to attack Berk. Scale was clad in his mask and a black as night cloak. He also had his sword hooked to his side as well as a bow on his back. His hands were wearing black leather gloves, he had them clasped together behind his back.<p>

Below him were hundreds of thousands of dragons, all were in large groups of their respected species. Each group aligned in a large rectangle formation on the beach. Scale had all kinds of species at his command, from dragons that rule the water, to others that rule land and others that rule the sky.

Riker landed behind him, giving him the status of everything that was going on. Scale chuckled darkly.

"Oh this is going to be a battle to remember, Riker," Scale said, looking over his shoulder at his general. Riker didn't move.

"You know, sir, I would advise against this. You don't have to go to war, especially under these circumstances," Riker said, Scale turned his attention back to his troops.

"I must make the vikings pay for their wrong doings," he said simply. Riker walked up beside him, he was easily 2 feet taller than the

young teen.

"Make them pay for what? Treating you wrongly? That hardly seems..." Riker was interrupted by Scale.

"It isn't just me who they've wronged," he said, calmly, "it is the whole archipelago that they've wronged. Trust me, Riker, I'll be doing the world a favor when I wipe out the entire viking population." Riker looked at his king.

"What do mean the, 'entire viking population?'" He said. Scale chuckled again.

"I'm not going to stop with just these vikings. My scouts tell me that there are more vikings around the world, and I'm going to dispose of them all." Scale turned on his heels and left Riker to his thoughts.

* * *

><p>Astrid landed in the middle of Berk's village. She was almost shot on several occasions (since it was still dark and they thought she was Scale) but had landed unharmed. The villagers surrounded a very glum and depressed Astrid. She slid off of her dragons back, while Stoick made his way to the front of the crowd.<p>

"Well, what happened, Astrid?" He asked. Astrid looked at her chief with sorrow filled eyes.

"Get ready for war," Astrid said. Stoick, along with everyone else, let their eyes drop to the ground. Silence filled the air, but Stoick knew this was no time to feel sorry for what they had done, that came after and if they were still alive.

"Alright," Stoick said, his voice cracked. He quickly cleared his throat. "Alright!" he declared in a strong voice that seemed forced, "you heard the lass, get back to work." As the people started to depart, Stoick added, "Judgement day is upon us."

The women and young children went to the back of the island to escape, what would soon become a blood bath. Men had piles of wood over their shoulders, carrying them to wherever they had been instructed to go. They worked until daybreak, that was when one of the men working on the docks spotted something far out in the water. He grabbed a spyglass that was sitting on a barrel. Putting the spyglass to his right eye, the viking spotted something horrifying. Thunderdrums and Scouldrons were swimming in a line, appearing from one side of the island and disappearing around the other side. Scale cut off their escape, no matter what, they all were trapped on the island.

Thick clouds blocked out most of the sun that was now high in the sky. It was late noon and the only dragons that had been spotted were of those that were swimming in the ocean. Vikings were at their positions, watching the skies for any sign of a dragon. It wasn't the sky they should have been watching.

Changwings appeared from no where in the middle of town, firing acid at unsuspecting victims. Screams of pain haunted the island as the acid burnt right through the skin of vikings. Four dragons had

sneaked in the Walkers, who immediately branched out, blasting houses and people with great balls of fire.

The vikings charged the changewings and the Walkers, but it's hard to fight what you can't see. As soon as a viking got near a dragon, it disappeared and killed him from the back. A few arrows hit their mark and killed several changewings. Both vikings and the dragons were at bloody stand still.

All of a sudden, the heavens broke open, Scale's whole army rained from the sky. A nightfury and his rider led the way. Screams of panic were heard as they noticed the rest of Scales army.

Fire rained from the sky, burning houses and people. The battle ground was littered with blood and burning corpses. Scale's huge army was laying waste to the entire island.

Astrid Hofferson fought on the ground alongside her Nadder and the chief of Berk. Both were getting pushed back by the multitude of enemies.

"Astrid," Stoick yelled, "your the only one with a dragon, go take out Scale. It's our last hope, maybe if we take him out then the rest of the dragons won't know what to do." It was a long shot, both knew it, but it was the only way either of them could think of to win. Astrid hopped on to Stormfly's back and were off, flying into a flurry of dragons that were raining havoc on Berk.

Stormfly and Astrid dodged blow after blow that was meant for them. Hundreds of dragons littered the sky, looking for one was like looking for a needle in a hay stack. Finally, Astrid broke through the clouds, their was nothing. Astrid and Stormfly looked around, above the clouds was nothing but the sun and blue skies. Stormfly got Astrid attention and nodded her head towards a black speck. Scale.

The two took off, Scale noticed them, but didn't move. Astrid stopped a few feet away, Scale sat on Toothless, gliding through the sky. Scale pulled a lever on Toothless's saddle, it let him work his tail fin on his own. The young king unhooked his foot and sat crossed legged, facing Astrid.

"Well, look who decided to join the party," Scale said. "What were you planning to do, exactly, on my island this morning?" Astrid cringed, how did he know?

"You have to stop..."

"Yeah yeah, I know," Scale interrupted. "Stop it Scale, you're hurting me," he said, impersonating a little girl. "Well guess what? I won't stop! Did they stop when I told them too? No! Why should I?" Scale stood up on his dragons back, took a bow out of it quiver, and fired. Astrid and Stormfly dodged it just in time, they took off away from Toothless and Scale. Scale roared with dissatisfaction as he dropped back down into Toothless's saddle, the two took off after Astrid and Stormfly.

The battle had been going on for only a few minutes, but Berk was falling. Astrid had to do something and she knew it. She gave Stormfly an order and the dragon turned around, several spines were

fired at the nightfury and his rider. All of them missed. Scale gave a cackle and Toothless sped up. Toothless fired a plasma blast, Stormfly spun out of the way, but an unready Astrid was thrown off her back in the process.

Scale gave another dark laugh. With Toothless' tail fin still in automatic mode, Scale jumped off the saddle after the plummeting Astrid.

"Take care of Stormfly for me," He called back. Astrid was flailing her arms and legs, trying to get some control, Scale quickly caught up to her by diving head first. He collided into Astrid, laughing insanely all the while. Scale was on top, Astrid's back falling towards the ground.

Scale brought back his fist to punch the girl, but Astrid caught it. The two struggled, Astrid trying to get out from underneath Scale and Scale trying to get the final blow. They broke through the clouds, the earth visible and approaching fast. Scale eyes widened, time to go. He kicked Astrid to get away from her. He let the cloak he was wearing fly off into the wind, revealing a wing suit.

Scale was about to fly away safely, but Astrid grabbed his leg. She pulled him back, latching onto his shoulders.

"Get off me!" Scale yelled.

"Yeah, right," she replied. Scale groaned and activated his flight suit. With Astrid on his back, he couldn't get the fin that stabilized him to pop up. The two went into a tumbling free fall, the ground getting bigger, closer... Fast. With a war scream, Scale elbowed Astrid in the head, twisted his body and threw her off. That was the last thing she remembered.

The next thing Astrid knew was that she was wet. She opened her eyes, she was under water. She let a scream, but quickly covered her mouth, she was almost out of oxygen. She swam to the top, gasping in air when she broke through the surface. She looked at her surroundings, she was in the cove. She swam over to the land and sat on a rock, exhausted. Her hand rested on something sticky, when she looked at her hand she saw that she had set it in a small pool of blood. Astrid looked behind her and there lie Scale, on his back... Unmoving.

Astrid crept closer, if Scale was dead, then that was good, but Toothless would probably kill her. She got closer and noticed that Scale's head was bleeding, a tear in his mask at the forehead dripped blood. She bent down, she was sure Scale was dead. It looked like his wing suit had failed.

Astrid bent down, slowly reaching a hand out. Scale's eyes shot opened and he grabbed Astrid by the throat, choking her. Astrid let a surprised scream, only to have it muffled when Scale started to squeeze her neck, cutting off her air. Scale got up, still clutching Astrid's throat. He brought her face close to his.

"You can't kill a demon," he whispered. He pushed Astrid to the ground, her back slamming against the rock Scale had hit his head on. He unsheathed his sword, pulled it back and stabbed. Astrid brought her hands up instinctively to protect her head, waiting for the pain.

It never came. She slowly opened her eyes to find the point of Scale's sword an inch from her heart. Scale was shaking, it took Astrid a moment to realize that he was looking at the ring on her finger. His eyes traveled from her, to the ring, to the sword.

Scale shook his head, his eyes showed hurt and confusion. He backed up slowly and, with a tremblingly hand, took off the mask. He studied it in his hand, the top had soaked up some of the blood, the rest ran down the side of his face. He dropped the mask, raised his sword above his head, and struck it into the earth, pinning the mask to the ground. Astrid looked at him dumbfounded, was Hiccup back?

Hiccup's eyes rolled back into his head and he collapsed. Astrid quickly ran to his side.

{Hiccup's mind}

Hiccup opened his eyes, he was laying on his stomach. He groaned and stood up. Looking around, Hiccup noticed several things, one, there was nothing to look at and two, the ground seemed to be made of some kind of marble, he could see a blurred reflection of himself. He was wearing what he did before he left Berk. He felt something in his sleeve, it was sharp.

"Hello?" He shouted aloud, it echoed.

"Yes." Came a reply. Hiccup turned around, facing him was a man of his height and build. The stranger wore a black cloak that reached down to his feet. But, the one thing that stood out the most was the stranger's mask, it looked exactly like... Scale's. Hiccup took a step back.

"Scale?" he said, barely above a whisper, the stranger heard it, however.

"Yes, Hiccup. I'm the one who is about to wipe out the entire archipelago and make your life a thousand times better," he said, spreading his arm slightly and stepping forward. Hiccup shook his head.

"No!" He screamed.

"No?" Scale asked, calmly.

"No! You can't do that, Scale, you have to stop." Scale breathed a laugh that sent chills up Hiccup's spine.

"Oh, Hiccup. You can't stop me, I've already given the orders to my troops..."

"That's just it, Scale. They're not your troops, they're mine." Scale growled deep in his throat.

"How are you going to stop me? I am in control!" Scale yelled. Hiccup shook his head again.

"Not anymore, old friend. This stops now! Your reign of terror is over!" Scale screamed and charged. Hiccup backed up slowly, but ran at his foe. This ended now, one way or the other.

Scale tackled Hiccup to the ground. Blow after blow was aimed at Hiccup's head with a dagger. Each one missed, Hiccup moving his head right before the dagger came down. Scale screamed because he couldn't get the upper hand. Hiccup gave a quick blow to Scale's temple. He groaned and Hiccup flipped them over. Hiccup brought his fist back, as if to punch him, but never did. Scale laughed.

"Come on, Hiccup, do it," Scale said. Hiccup did nothing. Scale groaned. "Do it!" Hiccup opened up his hand and a dagger slid out of his sleeve, Scale's eyes widened.

"Good bye, Scale. Thanks for ruining everything," Hiccup brought the dagger down.

"Hiccup, DON'T!" Scale screamed in horror.

Hiccup eyes shot open, he was sweating like crazy and sucking in large amounts of air. He was laying on his back, looking up at the clouds. Everything seemed fuzzy, but his vision cleared to reveal Astrid, watching over him. She had his sword, ready just in case and pointed at Hiccup's neck. He breathed a laugh. With a shaky hand, he pushed the sword away from his neck.

"Scale... Scale's dead," Hiccup said, "for good." Astrid didn't seem to believe it at first, but smiled and enveloped a weak Hiccup into a hug. Her Hiccup was back. A tear slipped from her eye.

"I love you," She said, Hiccup opened his mouth to speak, but it was drowned out by an explosion. Hiccup and Astrid looked at each other. Berk was still at war! The two took off into the woods, Hiccup in front.

"I have a plan, Astrid," Hiccup said while running. "I need to get to a horn, a loud one."

"We can use the emergency horn, the one they use to single raids," Astrid said. Hiccup took off in another direction, dodging low hanging branches.

"Where are you going? The horn is this way," Astrid yelled, trying to catch up.

"I spent a lot of time in these woods," Hiccup said, "I know a shortcut. Come on." Astrid tried to catch up, but Hiccup was fast. The two broke out of the woods and onto a small cliff where the horn was located.

"Can this actually carry words? Or just a deafening honk?" Hiccup asked Astrid, who was just breaking out of the woods. She shrugged, trying to catch her breath. Hiccup took a breath. He put his lips to the horn and blew. A dragon call came out the other end. All the dragons new that call, _retreat_, and soon, were on their way back to Dragon Island.

Astrid stared dumbfounded at the retreating dragons, hundreds upon thousands evacuated the island. She laughed, Hiccup had done it.

The two made their way back to the island's village. People were still in shock and aw at what had just happened. When they saw Hiccup, they immediately parted to let him pass, looks of fear were

given him. Hiccup rubbed his arm nervously, he hated what Scale had done.

Stoick made his way to Hiccup.

"He- hey there... Uh... Dad," Hiccup said nervously. Stoick stared at him, dumbfounded. Toothless landed beside Hiccup, as did Stormfly. Hiccup laughed. "_Well, you listen well._"

"_Perfectly,_ " Toothless said. Toothless noticed that the villagers were getting closer, their weapons drawn. Toothless immediately got protective.

"Hey there, everybody," Hiccup said, nervously. "I guess I have some..." He couldn't finish, an arrow was fired, piercing Hiccup chest. He fell down, Toothless gave a sad and frightened roar. But, Hiccup disappeared, vanished into thin air. Toothless took off into the sky and was quickly out of site. Stoick stepped forth.

"What happened?" He Asked Astrid. The girl just watched where Toothless had flown, it wasn't towards dragon island.

"Changewing," she said simply, sadly. She had just gotten Hiccup back and now he was gone, maybe even dead. Astrid turned around and walked away with Stormfly in tow. She really didn't want to be around people right now. The rest of the village just watched where Toothless had taken off. No one new who had fired the arrow and no one confessed

Scale was dead, Hiccup was taken away by a changewing and Toothless was right behind them. Scale would for ever be known as a legend. A man who could have taken over the entire archipelago and maybe even the world. But, he was stopped by a hiccup now known as Hiccup, Dragon King. Little did the people of Berk know that the king would one day return, with more dragons behind him then ever thought possible. And, you can be sure, that the people of Berk will treat him a little bit differently then Hiccup the Useless.

* * *

><p>Well, what did you think of the final chapter. I know I kinda got mean and left you all probably wanting more, since I made Hiccup leave. Well, I got news for you, a sequel is in the works and it involves the grown up versions of the gang. Have an idea you would like to see? Leave it in the reviews, I already have it kind of planned, but if I like your idea better then I might use your's. As long as it isn't a fluffy romance story, I can not right romance at all, I would probably make you all hate fan fiction if you read a romance novel written by me._

**!THANK YOU BETA READERS, THIS STORY WOULDN'T BE AS GOOD WITH OUT YOU!**

End
file.